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*in this issue...*

# Miss America

AUGUST, 1945 • VOLUME 2, NO. 5

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## HELLO, GIRLS:

I am turning this corner over to 12-year-old Lois Fishstein of New Rochelle, N. Y., who wrote the following inspiring lines on that memorable Day—V-E DAY.

### MAY and HAPPINESS

May with its sorrows,
May with its tears,
May of 1945
Is the joyous of years.

We are all so happy,
V-E Day is here,
And the Day of Victory
All over is near.

The President's birthday
On the same day it came,
And Germany is done for
With its torture and pain.

V-E Day is a holiday
For all to be happy,
But let's think of those who gave their lives,
Joe, Jake and Slappy.

Let's honor our dear ones everywhere
And fight for freedom
With enough for all to share.
They gave their lives
So that we may live
But Japan is not done yet
So, come on, let's all give!

The meeting at San Francisco
Is for all to be free,
And live peaceful lives
Under democracy.

We are all Americans
Fighting to be free;
Remember "all races, all religions,
That's America to me"!

* * *

See you next month.

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Reiff. Bathing suit styled by Teen-Age Beachwear

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Price 10c per copy. $1.00 per year, $1.20 in Canada., Vol. 2, No. 5, August 1945 issue. Copyright 1945 by Miss America Publishing Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., September 7, 1944, under Act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Chicago Advertising Office: William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; New York Advertising Office: Allen F. Quigley, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A.

**MARTIN GOODMAN,** Publisher • **BESSIE H. LITTLE,** Editor • **MELVIN D. BLUM,** Art Director
**JEAN GOODMAN,** Supervising Editor • **ETHEL BALLER, AILEEN FOGARTY,** Editorial Assistants
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# HOLLYWOOD'S *Younger Set...*

## May Mann's trusty telescope is trained on your favorite stars . . . Let's peek!

### by May Mann

IF YOU drool-cups are up on your Frankie Sinatra—he's now "The Sigh Guy". One of Frankie's New York fan clubs plugged that label under Frankie's picture on the club stationery, and it's now a coast-to-coaster!

Frankie's clubs mean a lot to Frankie. His one worry is when the slick chickies spend money on him, sending him sweaters and stuff. But the neatest surprise was when several clubs banded together and collected $300 for a present for Frankie. The present was used to furhish a recreation room at Birmingham Hospital for our wounded servicemen. Frankie's a great favorite out there, and this gift was about the nicest token the fans could have given him.

* * *

Shirley Temple's engagement announcement to handsome young Sgt. John Agar was a big surprise; and a big surprise to Shirley, too. Shirl had intended keeping it a secret for a while. John gave Shirley her ring; a two and a half carat diamond, on Friday night. Shirley, being superstitious, didn't want to take it off. She wore it on Saturday to the Senior Class luncheon at Westlake, saying she'd keep her glove on. Handling a fork with a glove is, not easy. Once Shirl slipped off her glove a howl went around the room. The news was out! Even John's sister Joyce, who attends Westlake and is a chum of Shirl's, hadn't known.

Shirley and John have been friends for a long time in spite of Andy Hotchkiss who tried to cut in. John's mother is a close friend of Mrs. Temple's and the two women were often seen playing gin-rummy on the set of Shirl's latest picture, "Kiss and Tell" at Columbia, so the engagement was no surprise to the famliy.

Charming Wanda Hendrix, seen soon in Warners' "Janie Gets Married", chats with handsome he-males, Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark. She's an ardent fan of both, and the admiration seems mutual . . .

* * *

That blond Guy Madison, who has only made one appearance on the screen—the role of the sailor lad in "Since You Went Away,"—has fan mail that's topped that of three major stars on his lot. Guy's in the Navy and every weekend he hops up from San Diego and tests for movies. Like his first screen appearance, the only way he can do a picture is on weekend pass. His current test is for "The Dream of Home," a story of five Marines who come back to civilian life. And he's been tested for two loanouts. But no soap—unless the parts can be filmed over the weekend—on weekend pass.

* * *

You know your date-bait, but what about those gooney little things that girls do, that guys hate—huh? Well,

*(Continued on page 66)*

Such Sweet
Stuff—
White Sharkskin!
A TEEN-TIMER
OF
PLAYA*
A Labtex Fabric
* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APPL. FOR

Just look how it takes to the doll waistline . . . sleek . . . set-in . . . super . . . with or without the woven string belt. Look how it glorifies the broad shoulders of this full-skirted frock—complete with cap sleeves for Summer charm.

No. A80—White rayon sharkskin (Playa by Labtex) in Teen-Age sizes (8 to 16). **$8.95**

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# Borrowed Wings...

**A story to tug at your heart . . .
You'll cheer for the heroine
and, strangely enough,
get to like the heel . . .**

### By Maxine Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

APPLAUSE beat in the assembly room—louder even than the sudden thunder of Alice Ann Brown's racing heart. Hidden in the last row, she forced her hands to clap, her lips to smile.

"Come on, Melissa! Speech—speech!" voices shouted.

Miss Richmond, school literary advisor, smiled persuasively. "Yes, Melissa—a few words from our newly elected poet laureate."

Cheeks pink, head bowed, Melissa Monterey rose uncertainly. With her long blue eyes and shining shoulder-length black hair, she looked just the way poets ought to look—but seldom do.

Alice Ann Brown had to admit that. She had to admit that Melissa looked like the sort of girl who could have written that fragile poem, "Ghost of Spring," that had won her the poet laureateship. Her name was right, too. Melissa Monterey—a far cry from plain Alice Ann Brown, which made you think of checked aprons and sugar cookies.

Melissa began to speak. She had the ideal poet's voice, too—soft, velvety and clear. "I can't think of anything to say," she began, "except that—that I don't really deserve this—"

Wild acclaim drowned her out. How they loved it! Talent, modesty and beauty—what a marvelous combination!

Miss Richmond stepped forward. "I have the winning poem here. I'm going to ask the author to read it again for us."

The author! Alice Ann swallowed, closed her brown eyes.

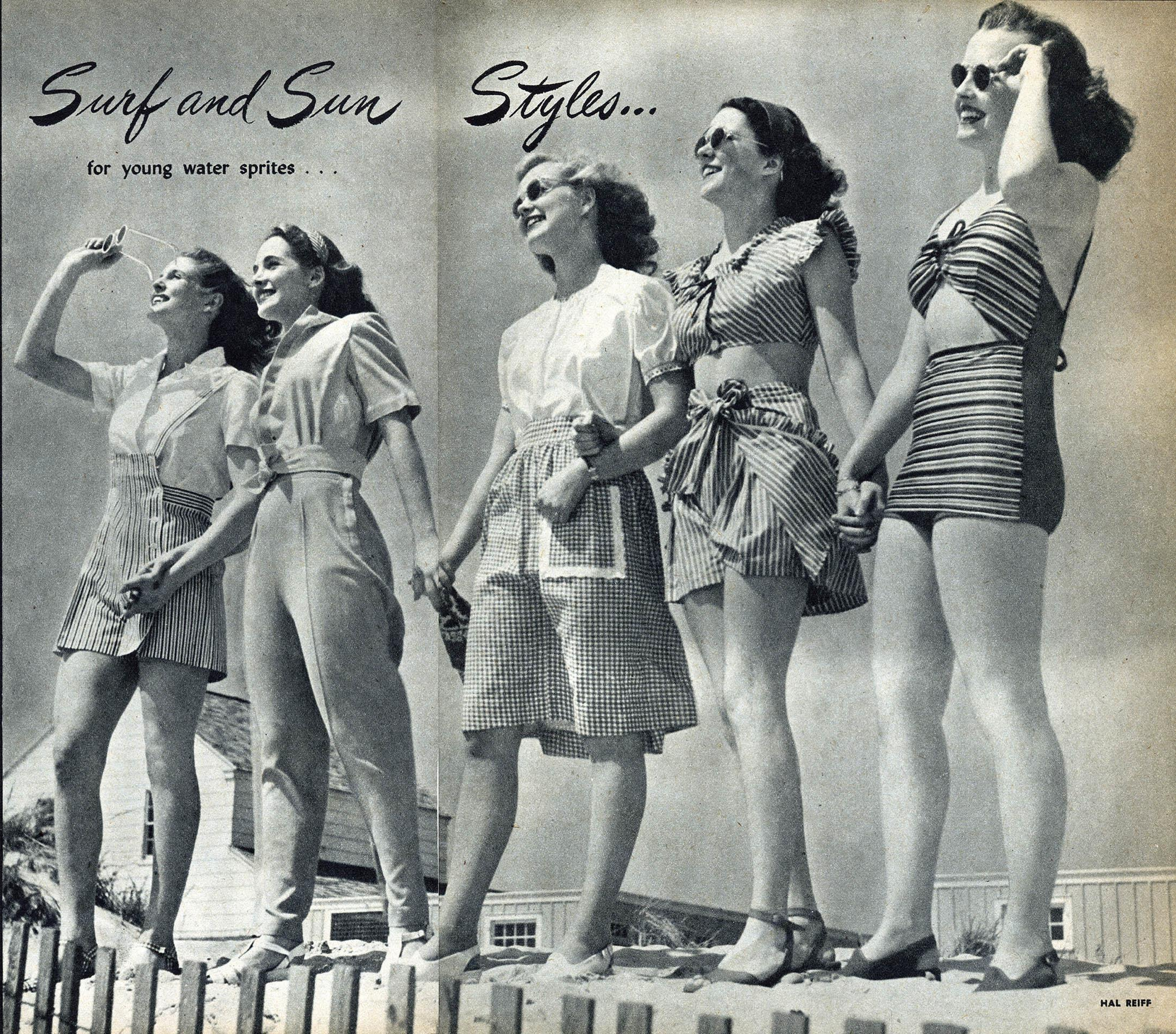
Melissa began to read, falteringly at first, but with increasing confidence. It was a beautiful poem—all about the frost clinging to trees in mid-winter, hinting the coming blossoms of spring. The room became very quiet, hushed.

Melissa finished, (*Continued on page* 56)

Melissa sort of went to pieces. "You're just doing this to—to punish me!" she sobbed. "It isn't easy for me to pretend to be a poet, all misty-souled and all. You don't understand at all—"

# Surf and Sun Styles...

## for young water sprites . . .



HAL REIFF

When prancing on the sand Lortogs "shorts' with bib front, suspender straps and back pockets are tops for freedom of action. Made of varied-colored stripes in twill Bergen. $4. Wear 'em with Colonial Mills convertible blouse. $3. Sizes 10-16.

Cover up with an Aralac fabric, lightweight slack suit made by Sportrix, so as not to become overexposed. Windbreaker type jacket comes in two-color combination: gold-powder, aquamelon, white and cool pastel. $11. Sizes 10-14a.

This Lortog twosome is ideal for sand sirens who love to loll in the sun between swims. Dirndl skirt is made of William Simpson checked seersucker. Square necked blouse is a Colonial Mills fabric. Colors: Red and white check. $8. Sizes 10-16.

Your beach wardrobe is not complete without a bright midriff playsuit. Here's a Sally Mason Original of cotton trimmed with feminine ruffles. The smart sarong shorts tie with a huge bow. In solid colors, print or stripes. $8. Sizes 10-16.

Snug-fitting swim suit in Max Altarsh rayon jersey fabric, made by Teen-Age Beachwear. It has a two-piece effect in gay gypsy stripes and low red velore back. The straps are adjustable, for active aqua maidens. Sizes 10-16. $5.

*all prices approximate.
**Non-rationed Ropesters by Sandler Bros., Mass.

# *Surf and Sun Styles*

## for the outdoor girl . . .

### 1

Refreshing as an ocean breeze is this cool Dan River star spun gingham plaid with cap sleeves, and square neck accented by jet black buttons and black tailored bows. It's a "Teen-Set" model and comes in pink, maize, aqua background. Sizes 10-16. $6.

### 2

For that smart suburban look Mademoiselle Modes makes a colorful pastel plaid skirt of Estes, Schlicter & McFarlane fabric to be worn with broadcloth blouse trimmed with same plaid binding across yoke, puffed sleeves, and neck. Sizes 10-16. Each article, $3.

### 3

Sun-worshippers go for two-piece Teentimer outfit of spun rayon Glenbrook fabric by Berlinginer. It's snug-fitting with square neck and tricky shoulder straps. The short bolero gives it a note of chic. Colors: lime, pink, powder, maize. Sizes 10-16. About $11.

### 4

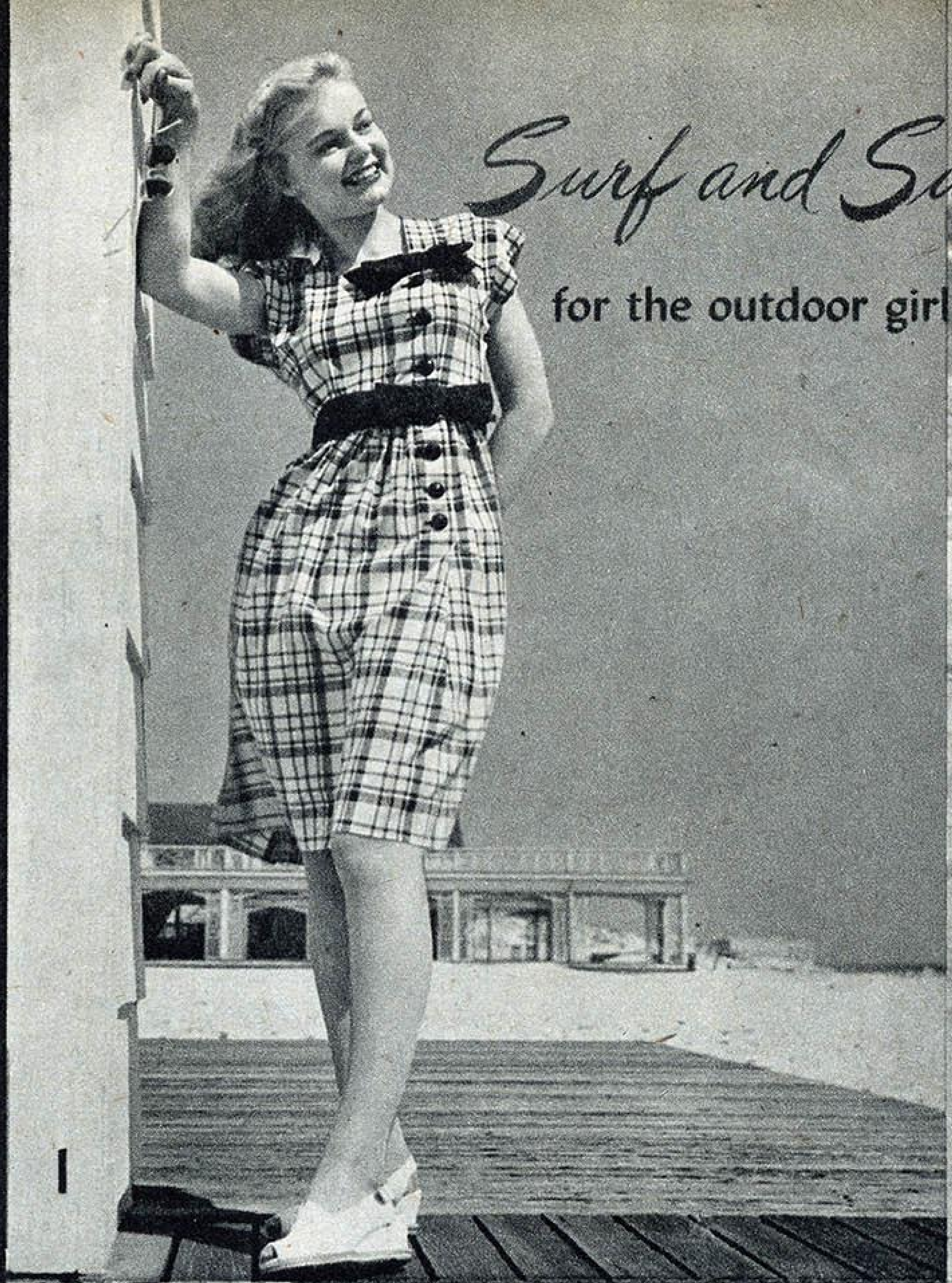
A sunny white Juniorette rayon frock trimmed with frosty Irish lace—wonderful for strolling along the boardwalk or for meeting the crowd at the coke-bar. Hip gathers and simulated pocket of lace edging trim the skirt. White only. Comes in sizes 10-16. $8.

### 5

Sport a crisp peasant type Derby Sportswear dress of Colonial Mills fabric and listen to the compliments start to fly in your direction! The skirt is rayon sharkskin, $4.50; and the blouse is crepe with drawstrings at neck and sleeves, $3.95. It's in white only. Sizes 10-16.

### 6

Neat as a pin and smart as can be; is this button-down-the front Teen Frock Twillense celanese spun rayon fabric dress with perky bows, deep cut square neck and self belt. It's perfect for sunny afternoons, in grey, lime, beige and white. Comes in sizes 10-16. $11.



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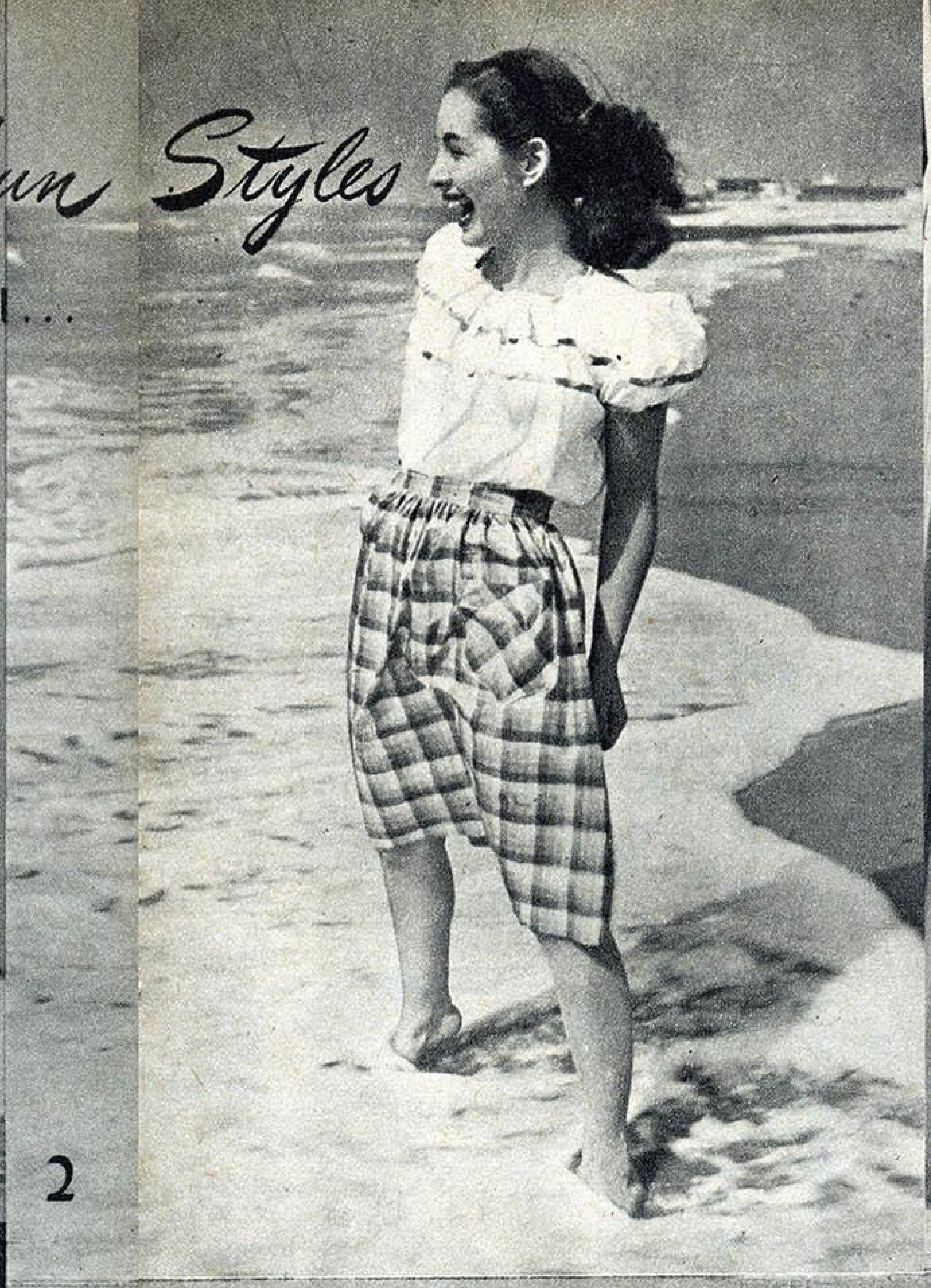

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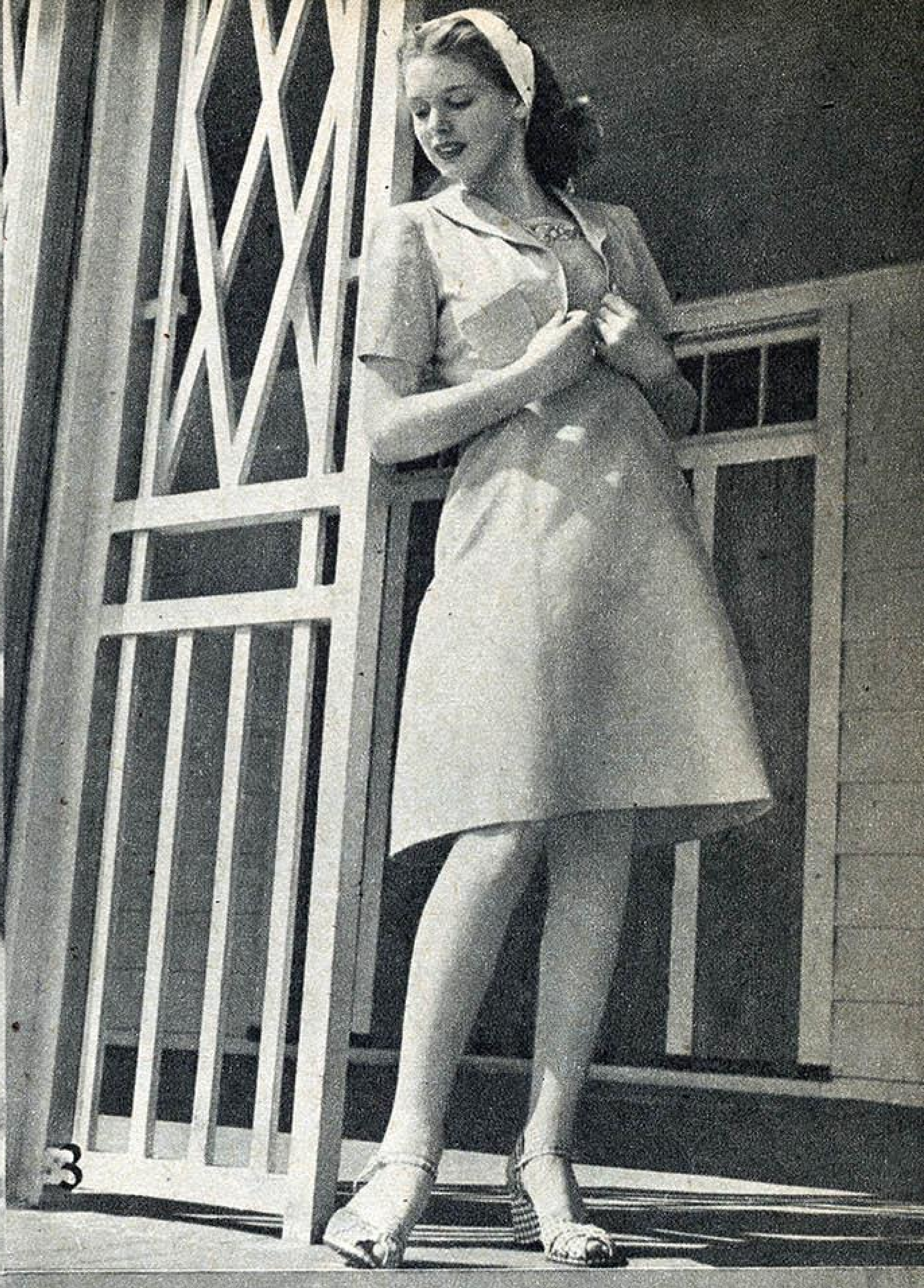

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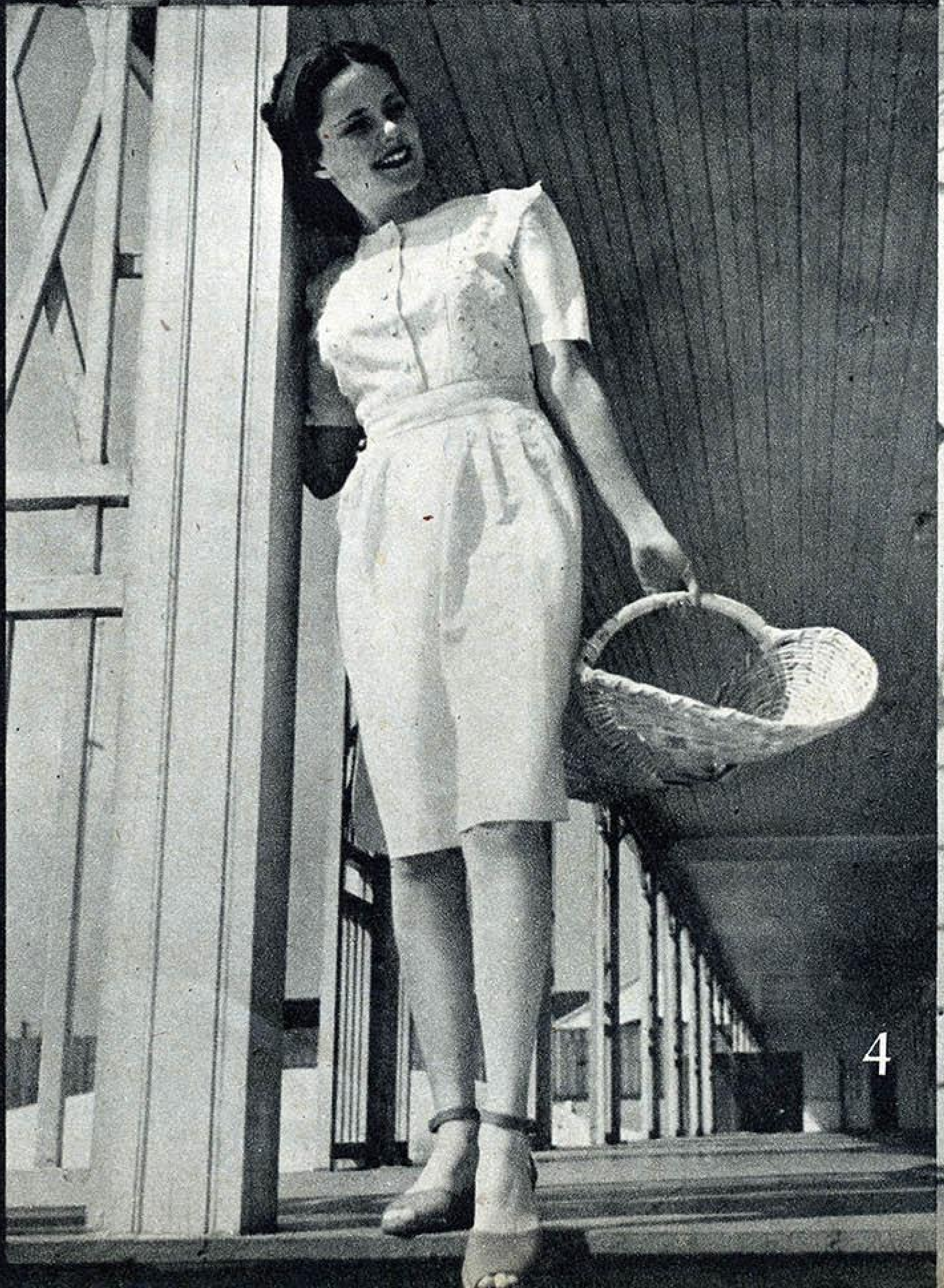

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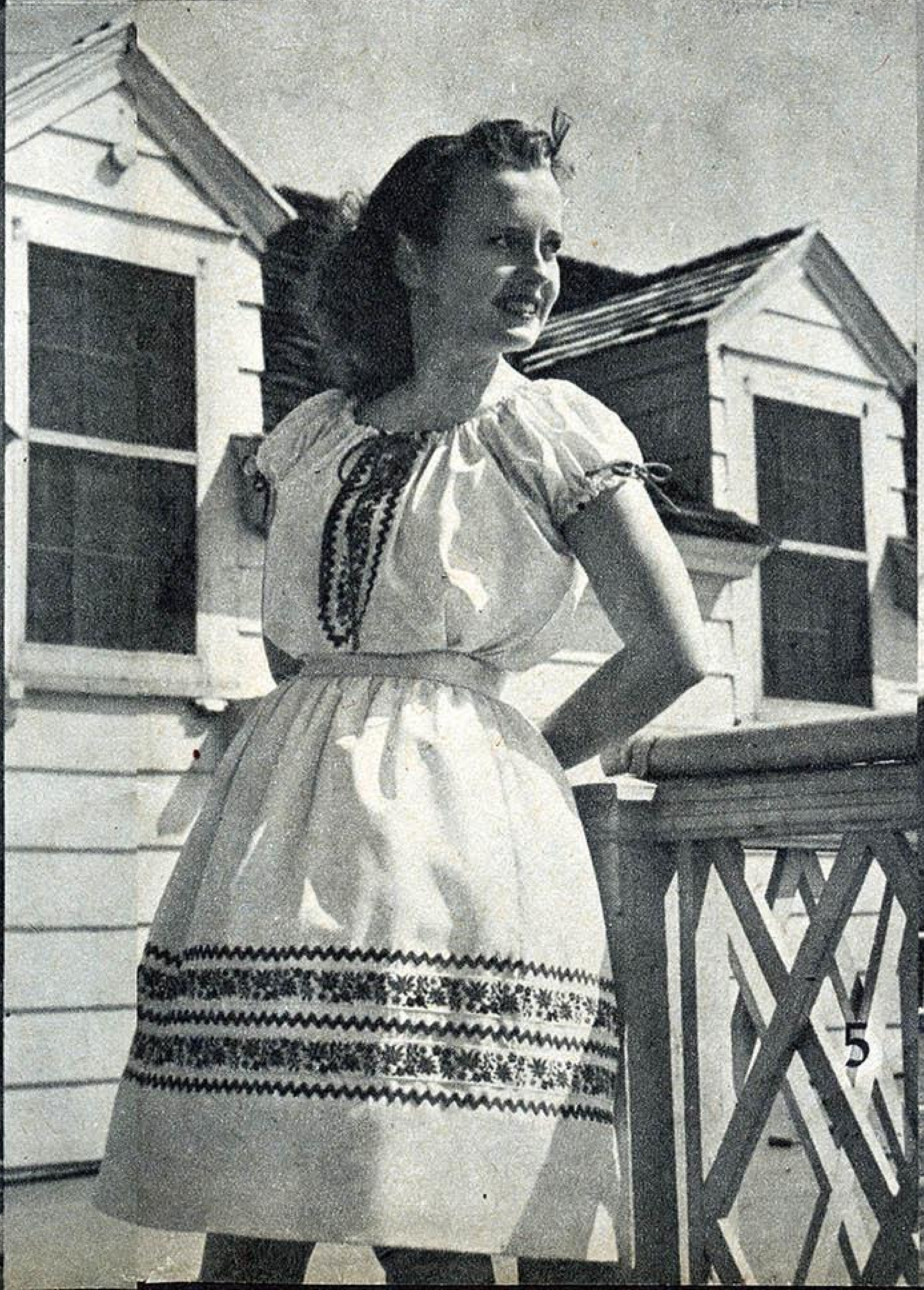

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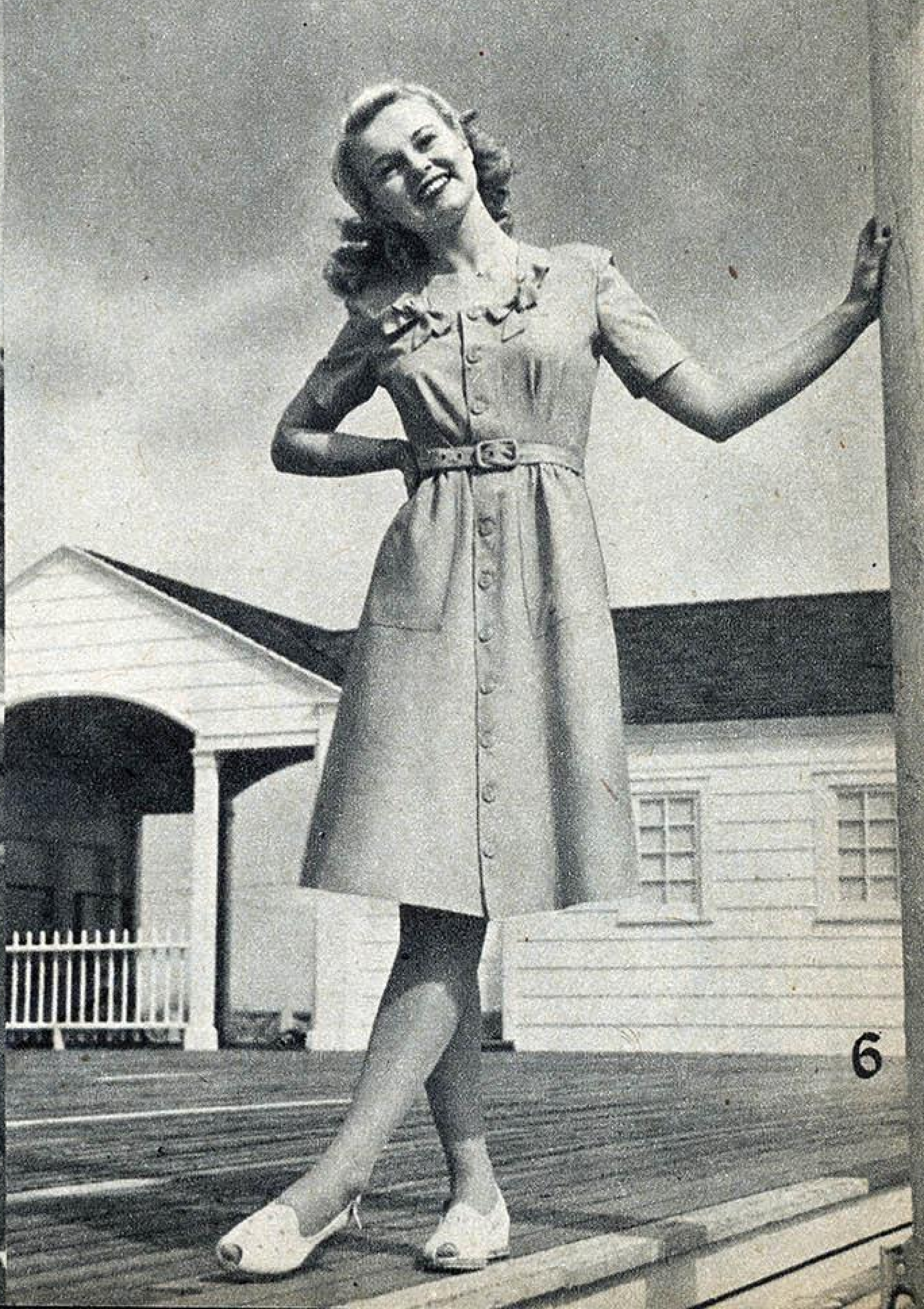
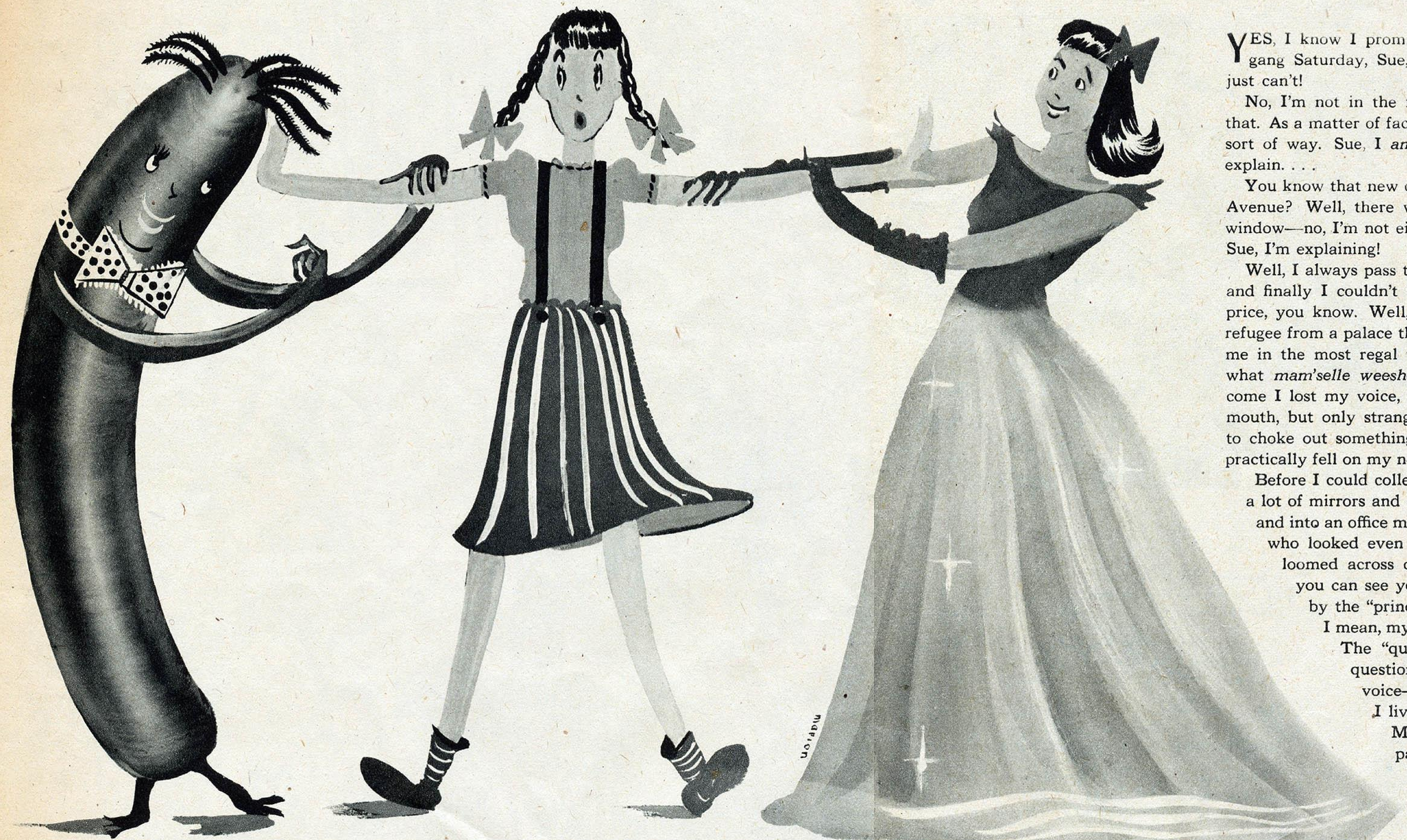


6

By Julie Easton

# NO MORE WIENERS . . .

Not one howl in this account of an innocent red dress—but many . . .
Poor Babs—all she wanted was just one look, when all of a sudden . . .



YES, I know I promised to go on the wiener roast with the gang Saturday, Sue, and I want to—honestly, I do—but I just can't!

No, I'm not in the family doghouse again or anything like that. As a matter of fact, my family is proud of me, in a stunned sort of way. Sue, I *am* being perfectly clear—jeepers, let me explain. . . .

You know that new dress shop that's just opened on Ashlund Avenue? Well, there was the most adorable red dress in the window—no, I'm not either changing the subject—my goodness Sue, I'm explaining!

Well, I always pass that shop on my way to school and back, and finally I couldn't bear it, and I went in—just to ask the price, you know. Well, a tall woman who looked more like a refugee from a palace than a mere clerk, simply descended upon me in the most regal way, dripping French, wanting to know what *mam'selle weeshed,* meaning me! Well, I was so overcome I lost my voice, practically. I mean, I kept opening my mouth, but only strange noises came out. Finally, I managed to choke out something about "in the window"—and Sue, she practically fell on my neck—I mean I was afraid she would!

Before I could collect my breath, she'd whisked me off past a lot of mirrors and gilt furniture up a staircase to a balcony and into an office marked "Executive". Another older woman, who looked even more like exiled royalty than the first, loomed across one of those vast mahogany desks that you can see your face in. I crept forward, encouraged by the "princess," and held on to the edge. I had to. I mean, my legs felt absolutely like banana peelings. The "queen" across the desk began asking me questions in a careful distinguished foreign voice—all sorts of them. My name, age, where I lived. I could barely gulp out the answers. My goodness, I'd had no idea they were that particular who they sold their models to! I kept sort of trying to back out, but the princess (*Continued on page* 51)

# When Girls Get Together...

Diana Lynn, now in "Out of This World", and her chum Mona Freeman, whom you'll soon see in Warners' "Danger Signal", are their typical teen-age selves on this weekend "spinstering it" at Diana's house . . . Art Weissman took these cute candids . . .

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

1 Icebox raiders make away with a prize! The pan of homemade ice cream is strictly expendable for adorable Diana and charming Mona.

2 Who said bed-making wasn't fun? Guest and hostess prove that teamwork makes it fast, gay. The pair are experts at household chores.

3 There's harmony on this weekend! Diana, an accomplished pianist, plays for Mona. "Music hath charms"—and so do our music makers.

4 Diana—her friends call her "Dimples"—and Mona have a friendly tussle, "Indian wrestling". It's anybody's guess as to who'll hit the grass first.

5 "Wanna play?" Another contest is in sight as Mona, a former model, challenges Diana to a few sets of the teen-age favorite summer sport, tennis. Di seems uncertain about accepting.

6 The inevitable talk-fest—and of course the gab gets around to clothes, (and boys), so Di shows Mona a wardrobe treasure, her softly tailored suit. And Mona is duly appreciative.

7 Fashion show for two. The girls go formal for each other's benefit in these breath-taking dancing dresses created for the most exciting moments in the lives of all fun-loving teensters.

# Wallfloweritis—

By Ruth Lawrence

A WALLFLOWER, the real kind, is, according to Webster: "a beautiful flower that grows on old walls and stony places." The human variety of wallflower may be beautiful, too, but she certainly doesn't want to grow on either an old or new wall, and definitely not on a stony place. The human variety flourishes on or near walls at dances and for a variety of reasons, all of which can be cured.

One sure way of arriving at a state of wallflowerhood is to try to lead your partner when he's dancing with you. You may be terrific—you may be able to dance rings around him—but don't try it. Let him have his way. The more you try to lead and push him around, the worse he'll dance. He won't ask you to dance again; oh, no—but he'll do more than that. He'll tell the other fellows that you won't be led. He'll tell them you try to boss even in dancing. And he won't do that out of spite. He'll just do it because, as far as he's concerned, it's true. And the others may very well believe him.

An even more effective way of becoming a wallflower is to dance with your head on your partner's shoulder and rub the powder and lipstick from your face and lips onto his coat. He may like that sweet cheek of yours, but he certainly won't like the greasy smudge you leave on his shoulder or see anything romantic about a cleaning bill.

If you aren't a good dancer, try to find out why you're not good. For instance, it

# *Cause and Cure...*

Every girl has a dream — and that's to be well-liked ..
It isn't polite to point — but —
YOU'RE to blame if you're not . . .

may be because you let your partner hold you up instead of you holding yourself up. Don't make him support your right arm. It will weigh heavily on him. Hold it up yourself. Your hand will still be in his, but he won't feel as though he were supporting a dead weight. You'll find that your own body will feel lighter and that you'll be able to follow better.

If you do have trouble following, don't look down at your feet, or his either. That will only make you more confused. Just relax—don't try to anticipate what he's going to do next. He probably doesn't know himself. So how could you? Just relax and let yourself feel the pulsing rhythm of the music and you'll find yourself following him effortlessly and beautifully as four feet do the same steps at the same time.

While you're dancing, don't be a babbler. If your partner wanted you to talk, he'd ask you to sit out the dance. But obviously, having asked you to dance, that's what he's interested in doing. So don't, don't, *don't* just run on about how wonderful you think the music is, or how awful somebody or other looks. That doesn't mean that you have to pretend your lips are glued together. Just don't let your talk overpower the music. Because, if you do, you'll find yourself sitting out dances alone. The wall is always there, but it has a purpose to serve other than that of background for a hardy perennial wallflower.

Another sure way

(*Continued on page 42*)

# YOUR SUMMER SKIN

By Helene Pessl

**Helene Pessl, noted authority on teen-age skin care is here to advise you on that important asset, your appearance. In this issue, she discusses vacation-time treatment for your complexion...**

Summer is with us; summer, which means hours of outdoor play for you on the tennis court or at the beach. You *don't* want a splotchy, red sunburn to spoil your appearance; you *do* want that all-over healthy brown which stands for summer. This you can have by following a simple routine of summer skin care:

***Morning:***

Start the day by splashing your face with clear, cold water. If there is night cream on your face, take a piece of cotton, dip it in cold water and then put a dash of toilet water on it, or, if your skin is extra dry, use a good herbal lotion on the cotton. Pat your face thoroughly with this saturated cotton. Now take your morning tub and follow that by putting an after-bath oil on every part of your body that will be exposed to the sun. Do this each day before going outdoors in shorts or bathing suit. Remember—the most dangerous sunburns come after swimming when your wet body reflects the sun's rays. Peeling skin can be avoided by this daily oil treatment and the use of a suntan oil.

While you relax on the beach, well covered with suntan oil, put some of your after-bath oil on your knees, elbows and feet to soften up those calloused places. You'll get amazing results and your knees and elbows will be so nice and smooth!

***Evening:***

When you dress for dinner, be extra careful to use the correct shade of powder to blend with your suntan. Use either a foundation cream or a two-in-one product combining foundation and powder. This will prevent your skin from drying out and giving it (*Continued on page* 27)

# Moods in Music...

### By Harry James

The author, who needs no introduction, makes some interesting statements on trends in music . . .

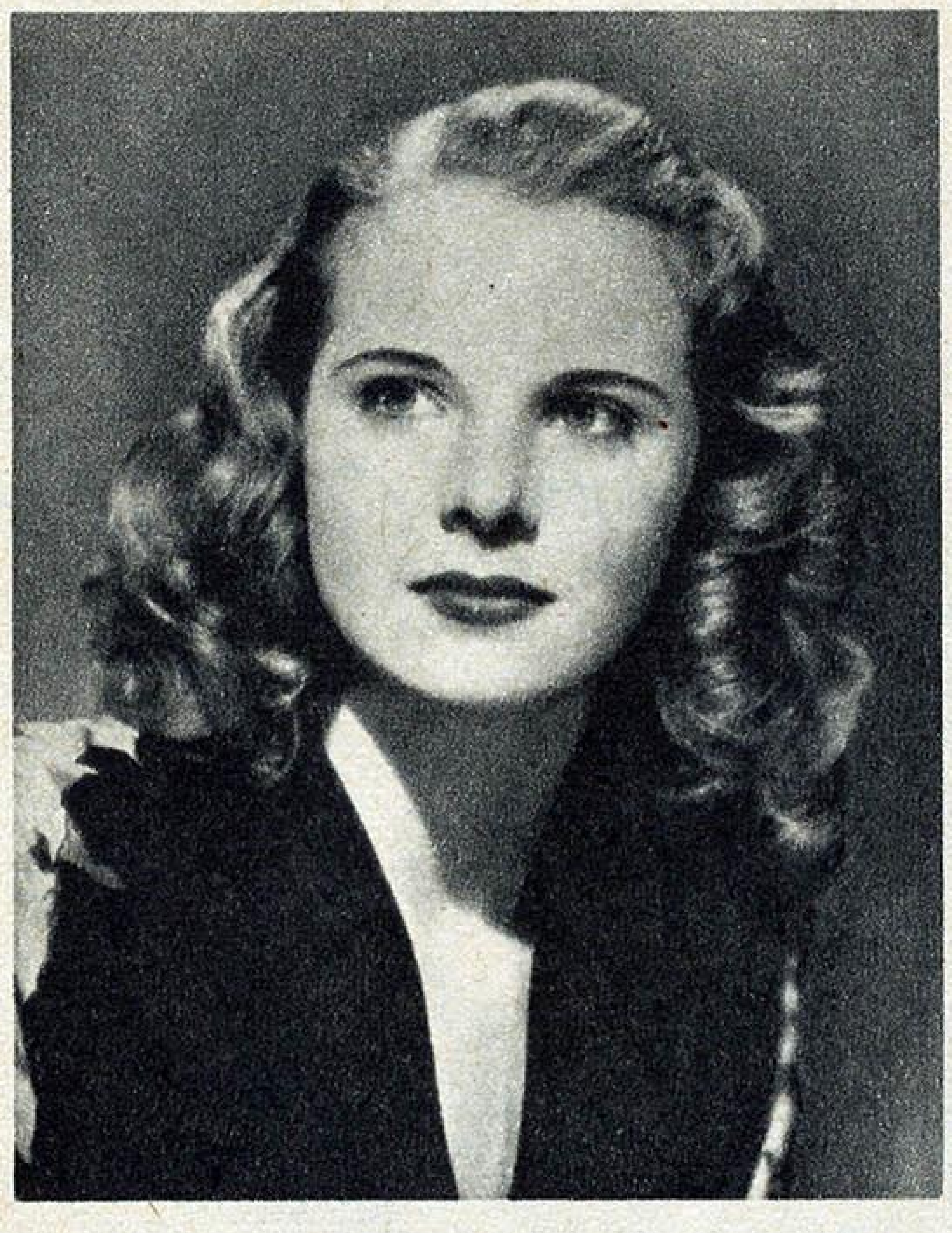
IT SAYS right here in the script that America—musically speaking—is headed for a sentimental mood. That is, if I can believe the usually accurate signs. You see, the 'script' I'm depending on is my request sheet. And you're the people who write it every time you ask for a tune at the bandstand, or send in a letter asking us to include a certain song in our layout. And from what you've been asking for, it looks as if we're definitely beginning to move away from the 'hot' mood into the 'sweet'.

You see, we began getting a lot of requests for ballads the first part of our tour this fall. And as we moved on across the country, we got the same response. Revival songs like "I'll Get By", "Together", and "It Had To Be You", all were getting a big play. Songs that never did click when they first were published like "I'll Remember April" and "I'll Be Seeing You", started hitting the high spots on the popularity poll. And a dozen of the fine more recent ballads like "I'll Walk Alone" and "You'll Never Know" were the big source of requests, all over.

As far as I'm concerned, a tour is the finest way in the world for us to keep in touch with what you want us to play. And it became so apparent that there had been a departure from the kind of stuff you asked for last year, that (*Continued on page* 36)

June Allyson's popularity soared sky-high when she played in "Two Girls and a Sailor" with maestro Harry James.

Harry Conover, former model, now heads his own professional agency. And who could be a better judge of good-looks, than "Handsome Harry" himself?



Mona Freeman posed for photographers, until the Hollywood scouts spotted her. Now, she's headed for stardom, and it's all been done à la modeling.

Recognize Dorsee Brent? This attractive miss was our April MISS AMERICA "cover girl". Dorsee is a typical teen-ager and she certainly is a fine model.

*By Harry Conover*

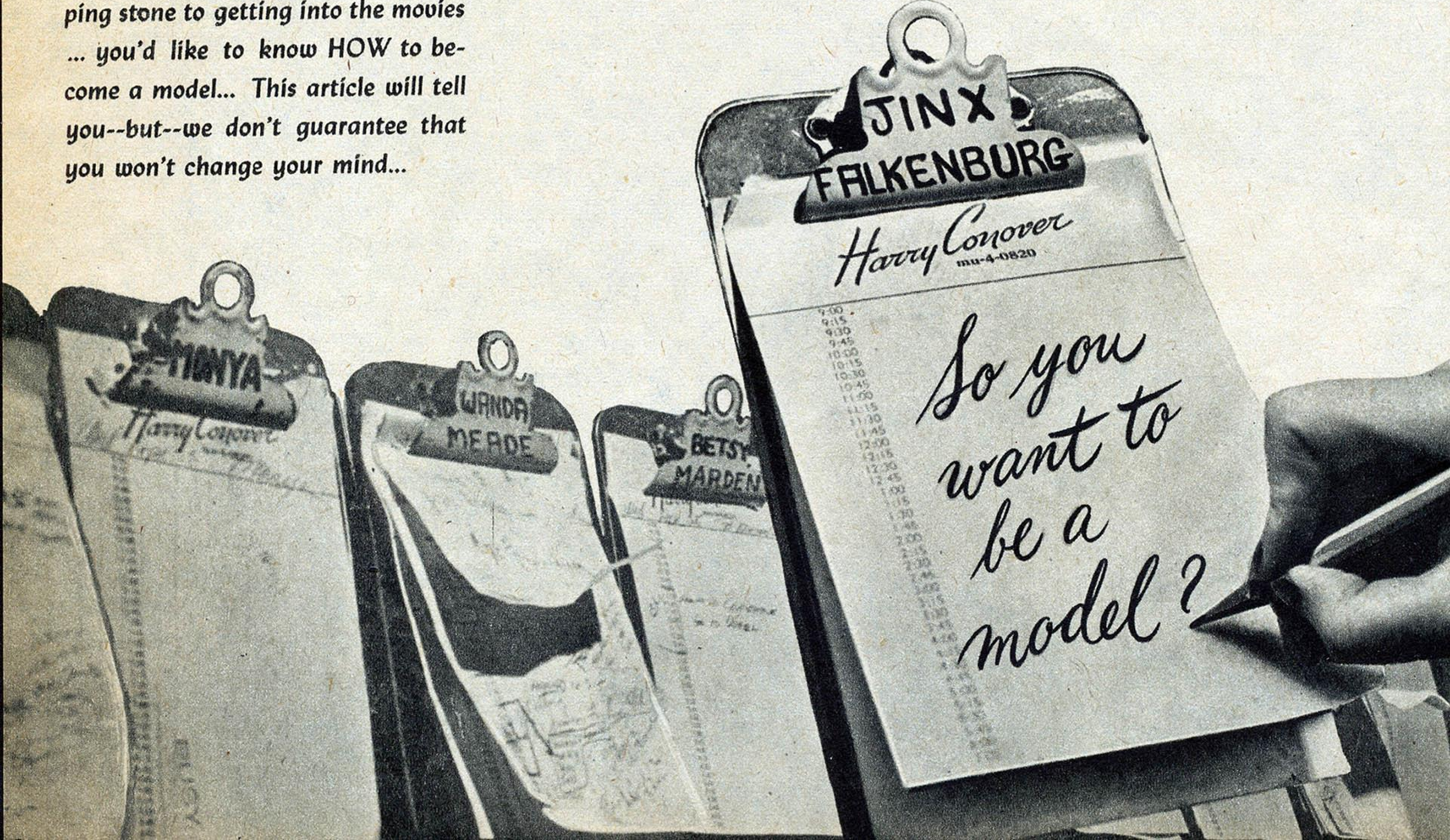
as told to

**Kathleen J. Norris**

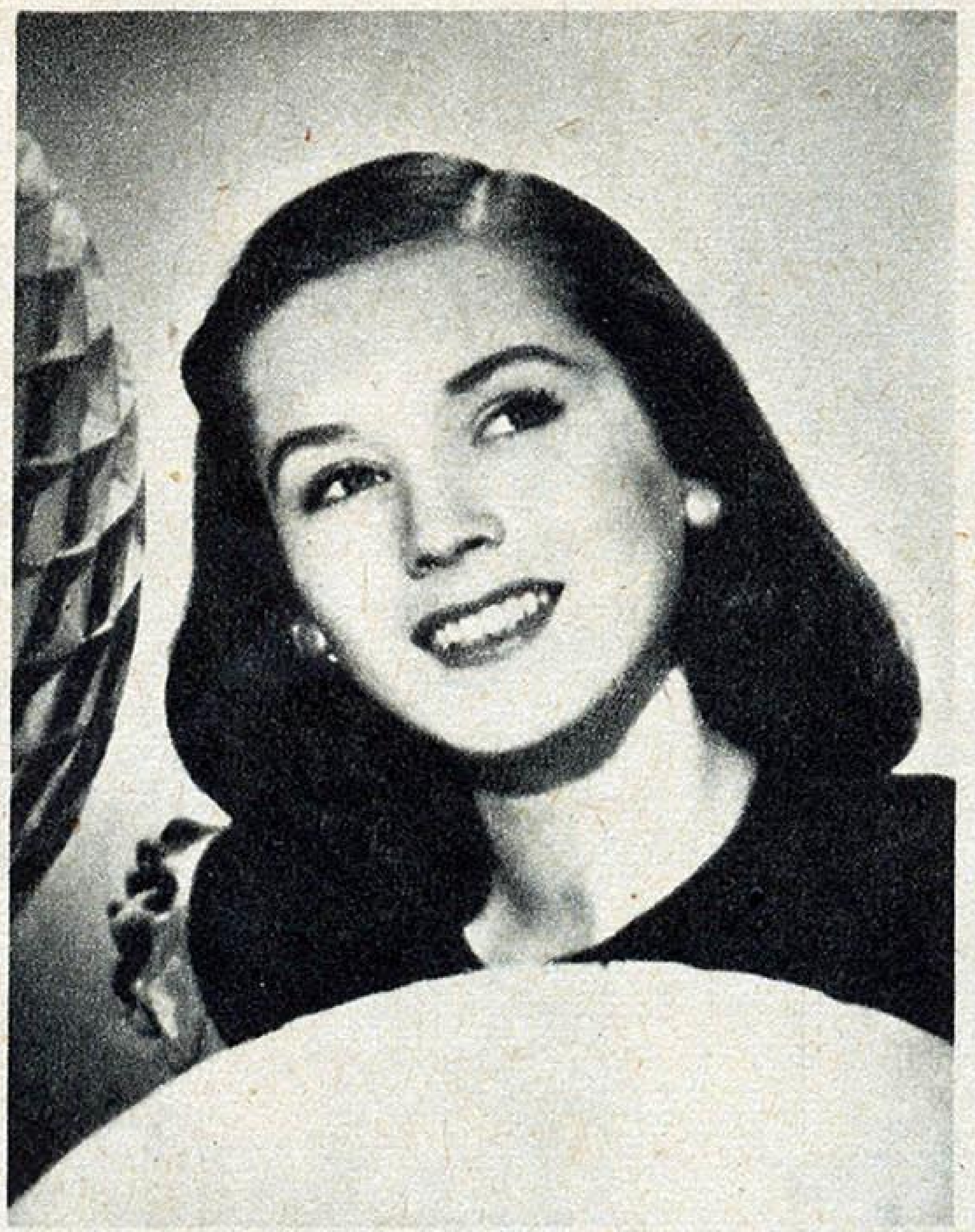
You think it must be fun to be a model; you think the life exciting; you think models make loads of money; that modeling is just a stepping stone to getting into the movies ... you'd like to know HOW to become a model... This article will tell you--but--we don't guarantee that you won't change your mind...

*THIRTY-two-year-old Chicago-born Harry Conover opened his Model Bureau four years ago. Before that he was—guess what—a model! When he got tired of looking at himself every time he opened a magazine, he decided to use his experience in guiding the careers of other models. He now handles 250 models, known in the trade as "Conover Cover Girls."*

*Harry Conover is in love with three Conover Girls . . . his wife (former model, Gloria Dalton), his four-year-old daughter Carole, and his year-old baby, Raven. They all live happily in a little pent-house in New*



# So you want to be a model?



Pretty Joan Edgar, who has graced the pages of MISS AMERICA frequently, fills her modeling assignments after school hours. She's a fine American type of girl.

Judy Hall is a famous model, whose charming face and lovely figure adorn many magazine covers and advertising pages. She's keen and wholesome.

You've seen adorable Constance Webb in your issue of MISS AMERICA, often. Between modeling assignments, Connie is studying voice, and dancing.

*York and—here's a tip girls—Mrs. Conover is NOT jealous!*

Of course, you want to be a model!

Why, only the other day you read an article about models, telling you that models make $25 an hour, whistle while they work, meet interesting people, and either wind up marrying a rich guy or answering one of Darryl Zanuck's frantic pleas to catch the next plane for Hollywood . . .

"What makes a model?" This isn't the first time I've been asked that question. So, I'm all ready to give forth with "pet theories."

First, start with a figure that's in vogue, add a shot of beauty and a liberal pinch of poise, mix well with intelligence and personality, and season carefully with diplomacy.

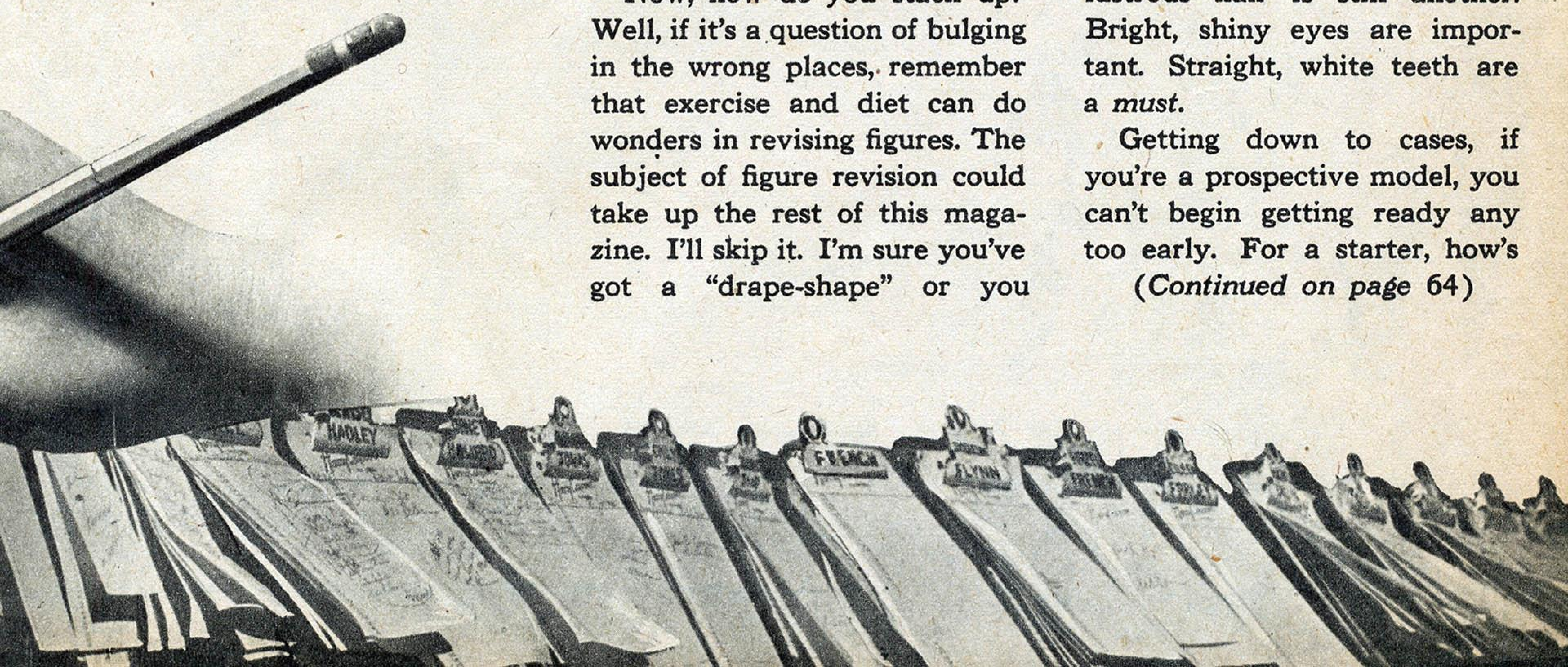
You've noticed that I haven't said anything about "a sensational figure" or a "luscious figure." Those figures do very well on the beaches and win prizes in bathing beauty contests but don't fare quite so well in modeling, at least, not right now. Maybe they'll be in vogue ten years hence, who knows?

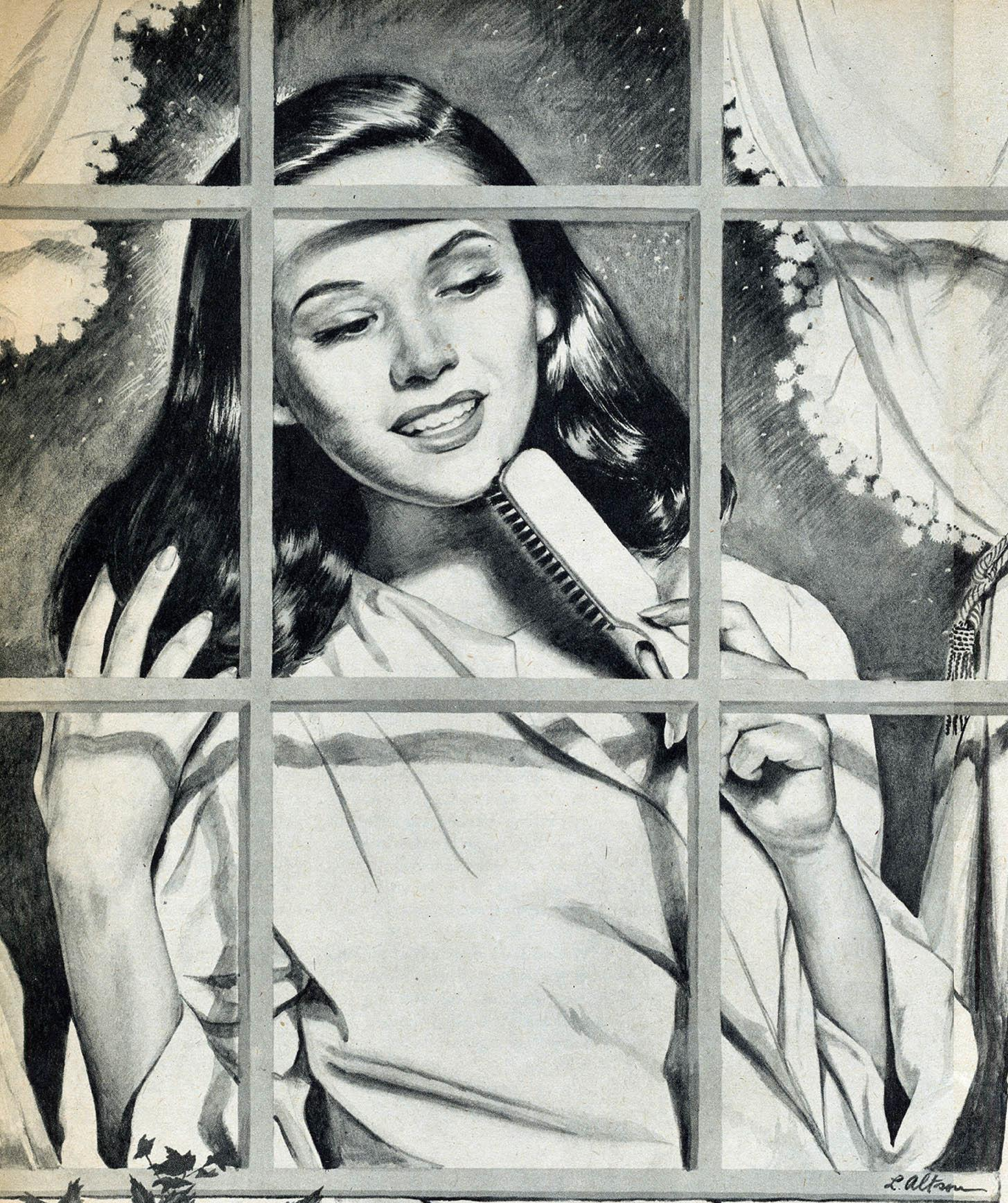
Now, how do *you* stack up? Well, if it's a question of bulging in the wrong places, remember that exercise and diet can do wonders in revising figures. The subject of figure revision could take up the rest of this magazine. I'll skip it. I'm sure you've got a "drape-shape" or you wouldn't be interested in becoming a model.

Which brings us to the subject of beauty, on which subject I don't intend to get strung out, except to say that beauty, like the ideal figure, is a matter of public demand or vogue at the moment. The trend right now is toward a fresh, natural, and outdoor-sey type of beauty. Next year the swing may be toward the exotic type. Regardless of vogue, certain ingredients are always requisites of beauty. Regular features, of course, are the main requisite. A good clear complexion is another. Healthy, lustrous hair is still another. Bright, shiny eyes are important. Straight, white teeth are a *must*.

Getting down to cases, if you're a prospective model, you can't begin getting ready any too early. For a starter, how's

(*Continued on page* 64)





# First Date...

by Eleanor Link

I WAS up in my room, brushing lights into my brown hair like heroines always do in stories, when the evening paper slugged against the front step. I jumped. The brush skidded, and the bristles scratched my nose.

Then I got up quite calmly and sauntered over to the window. Bob Wells, the paper boy, was riding away on his bicycle. The afternoon sun slanted on his chestnut hair—I'd never noticed before how nice and thick it was.

I noticed other things about him, too, all of a sudden. How lean he was, the shape of his head, how confidently he rode his bike—I mean, as if he'd had armor on and a horse under him—well, I couldn't help thinking about King Arthur and his Knights. Two doors down he got off, aimed a paper accurately at the Thrasher's porch, remounted, and was off beneath the big shady elms. I sighed, turned back to my dressing table to finish brushing my hair.

My little brother, Scotty, slouched curiously in the doorway, dirty-faced and baggy-socked.

"Whatcha' lookin' like a dying fish for, huh, Joan—huh?" he asked. Then went off into a perfectly disgusting paroxysm of amusement.

"Scotty Grahame, you stop spying on me!" I said. "Go on—fade!"

"But you've been fooling around up here for hours," he said.

"I have not," I replied loftily, "been fooling around." Far from it. I'd taken a bath, polished my nails, tried on half a dozen outfits, experimented with a little more makeup than I usually wear and—well, I'd been plenty busy.

"Mom says come set the table," Scotty informed me.

I wailed aloud. Set the table—the night of my first date! My goodness, I had other things to do—a million of them. Scotty could just march his scuffed shoes downstairs and tell Mom—

"Joan—Joan, dear, hurry! Daddy's due any minute!" My mother called up the stairs.

Well, my goodness, what could I do? Naturally, I didn't want to have to go into a long explanation about how Bob Wells was coming around after dinner to take me to a show. I didn't want my family discussing my private affairs around the table.

So there was nothing for me to do except go down. Anyway, I got some practice in graciously descending the staircase. Bob would (*Continued on page 63*)

All the horror, the suspense, the burning doubts that curdled in Joan's mind when she prepared for her first date — or what she *thought* was a date — melted into nothingness when ——

Outside, I could see Bob Wells 'cycling away. The afternoon sun slanted on his chestnut hair—I'd never noticed how nice and thick it was . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALSTON

# come 'n' get it!

*By Ruth Buller*

How's about taking over the cooking chores, kids? You'll get loads of pleasure and—well, the practice will pay dividends when you start housekeeping for two in the not too distant future . . .

ISN'T it a long, long while since your mother had a furlough from cooking chores, so how's about offering to carry on for a meal and get the chow ready yourself? Put yourself on K.P. duty! Be Kaptain of the Pantry! You, being a rookie, ask Mom if there are any special orders to carry out.

You realize, of course, that your mother doesn't serve just anything that comes into her head. She plans well-balanced meals to keep you and the family healthy and happy. And, you know, she has to plan meals for the entire day. To be "on the beam"—that is, to be a good meal-planner, you should include in one day's diet for each person:

A quart of milk for teens—a pint for adults
Eggs—or—cheese—or—meat—or—sea food—or poultry
At least three vegetables (green, leafy, yellow—some cooked 'n' some raw)
Whole grain or enriched cereals and bread
Butter (a tablespoon or more)
Fruits
Drink plenty of water. Check 'n' double check to see that you get enough sleep, sufficient exercise and fresh air.

If you're selected for special K.P. duty, submit the following menu for inspection, and if you get an O.K., check with your mother as to the quantity of food to buy, and also what baking dishes to use:—

Broiled Grapefruit
Lamb and Vegetable Casserole
Lettuce, Tomato, Watercress—Salad Dressing
Wholewheat Bread—Butter
Prune and Apple Betty
Beverage

Here's how to start your meal—

### Broiled Grapefruit

Select fruit of uniform size. Wash and dry it. Cut in half crosswise. Remove seeds and core. With a sharp, pointed knife, loosen sections. Place fruit on a baking pan, sprinkle each half with two tablespoons honey or maple syrup; dot with butter. Broil 3 inches below the flame until lightly browned (about 8 minutes). Um-um!

### Lamb and Vegetable Casserole

2 pounds boneless shoulder of lamb (cut in 2-inch cubes)*
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons flour
6 medium potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
6 medium carrots, peeled and thinly sliced
3 medium onions, peeled and thinly sliced
3 tablespoons shortening
1½ cups milk

---

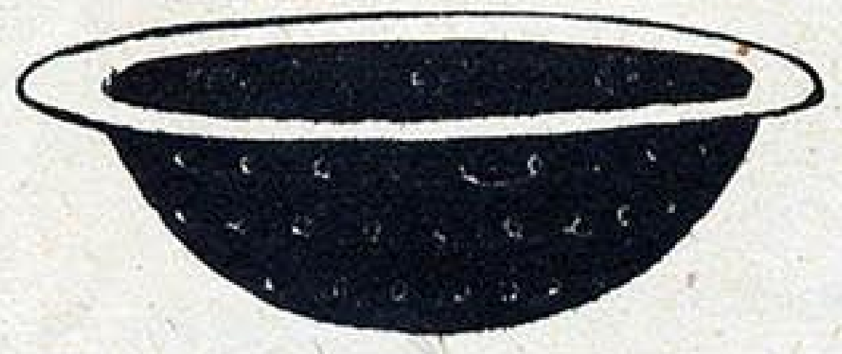
*Approximately 9 red points.

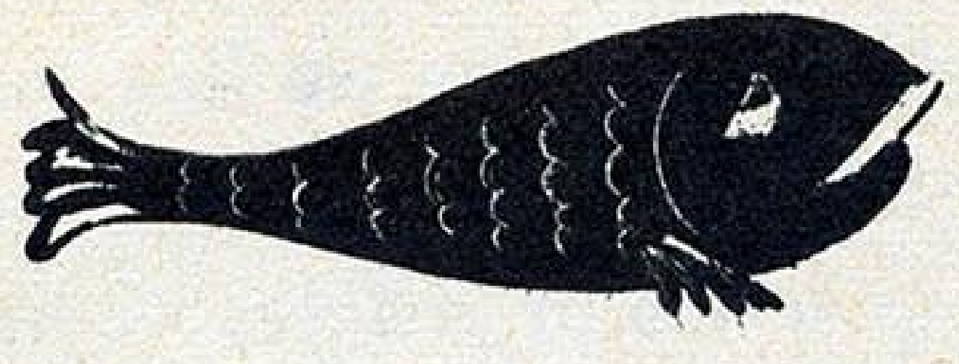
Sprinkle lamb with salt; roll in flour. Brown meat on all sides in a hot, greased frying pan. Place browned lamb and vegetables in a well-greased baking dish, dot with shortening, pour in milk. Cover, and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 40 minutes. Uncover, and bake 30 or 40 minutes longer or until tender. (6 servings.)

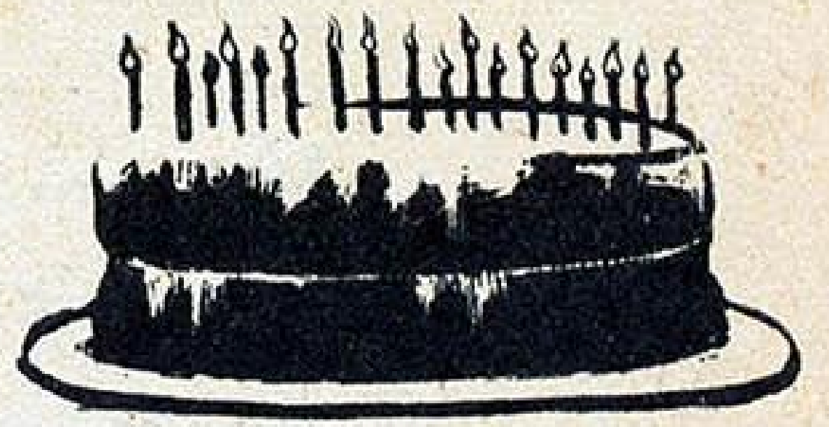
Here's a cooking tip: Cut the top and bottom ends from an onion and peel under cold, running water—this'll prevent your eyes from tearing so much. P.S. Be sure to ask the butcher to cut the lamb in 2-inch cubes.

### Lettuce, Tomato and Watercress Salad

Wash lettuce and watercress under cold water, (*Continued on page* 27)

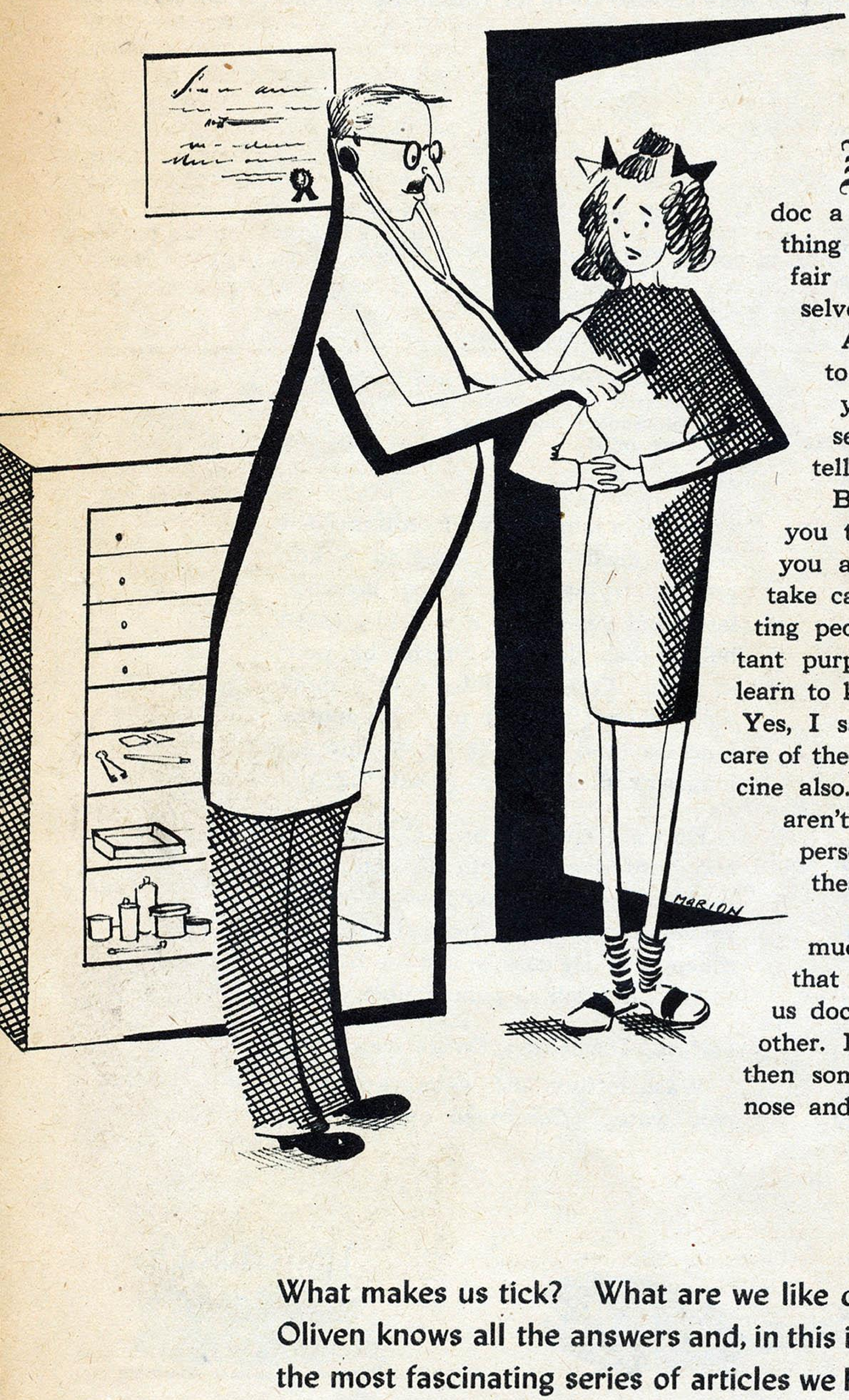






# Body and Soul . . .

### By John Oliven, M.D.



NOW, girls, if you want to give the doc a chance, he'll try to tell you something about yourselves. I think it's only fair that you should know about yourselves. The more the better.

And it certainly is a pleasure to talk to such a group of wide-awake girls as you are. No, I'm not guessing. I have seen some of your letters, and I can tell.

Being a doctor, I know what makes you tick and why. And the more I tell you about it, the more you'll be able to take care of yourselves. And, after all, getting people to stay well is the most important purpose of doctoring. So, join in, and learn to keep body and soul healthy.

Yes, I said soul. Because, at long last, the care of the mental life has become part of medicine also. And it is high time. People just aren't made of bodies only. They have a personality, and emotions; and sometimes these emotions can act up quite badly.

You see, medicine has learned so much during the last twenty-five years that it has become necessary for some of us doctors to specialize in one field or another. First, we become general doctors; and then some of us become specialists; in ear, nose and throat, or *(Continued on page 42)*

**What makes us tick? What are we like deep inside? Dr. Oliven knows all the answers and, in this issue, starts one of the most fascinating series of articles we have ever read . . .**

## COME 'N' GET IT

From page 25

drain well, wrap in a clean dish towel; place in the refrigerator until ready to serve. This will keep 'em crisp.

When ready to make salads, arrange 2 or 3 lettuce leaves on individual salad plates, 3 tomato slices, and garnish with 2 sprigs of watercress. Of course, you'll serve with your favorite salad dressing.

### Prune and Apple Betty

2 cups prunes, cooked and pitted
2 large apples
3 cups soft breadcrumbs
1/3 cup granulated sugar
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
3/4 cup prune juice

Cut prunes into small pieces. Pare, core and slice apples. Place 1 cup of crumbs in the bottom of a well-greased baking dish, cover with half the prunes, apples, sugar, butter and spices. Repeat with another layer of crumbs, and cover with remaining fruits and spices. Top with remaining crumbs, and pour prune juice over all. Cover dish and bake 50 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F). (Eight servings.) Either top milk or creamed cottage cheese may be served with the betty, if desired.

You can see that this menu takes only a few red points. And no blue points. And did you notice all the cooking is done in the oven, so convenient! You save on gas too, as well as points.

Order of preparation:

First brown the meat, then peel and slice the vegetables.

Prepare moderate oven (350° F).

Finish preparation of casserole and put in oven.

Next, prepare the betty, and put that in the oven too.

Wash the salad greens thoroughly, and place them in the refrigerator.

Set the table.

About 15 minutes before dinner is to be served, cut the grapefruits and sweeten them, and broil. While they are broiling, make the individual salads and place them on the table.

While you're making the salads, take a peek at the grapefruits to see how they are doing.

So, get ready for action—but take it easy. The dinner you cook, I know, will be the tastiest ever, and I'm sure your family will immediately promote you to Mess Sergeant.

---

## YOUR SUMMER SKIN

From page 18

an attractive satiny glow. Try a light lipstick for a bright, sunny appearance to match your summer mood.

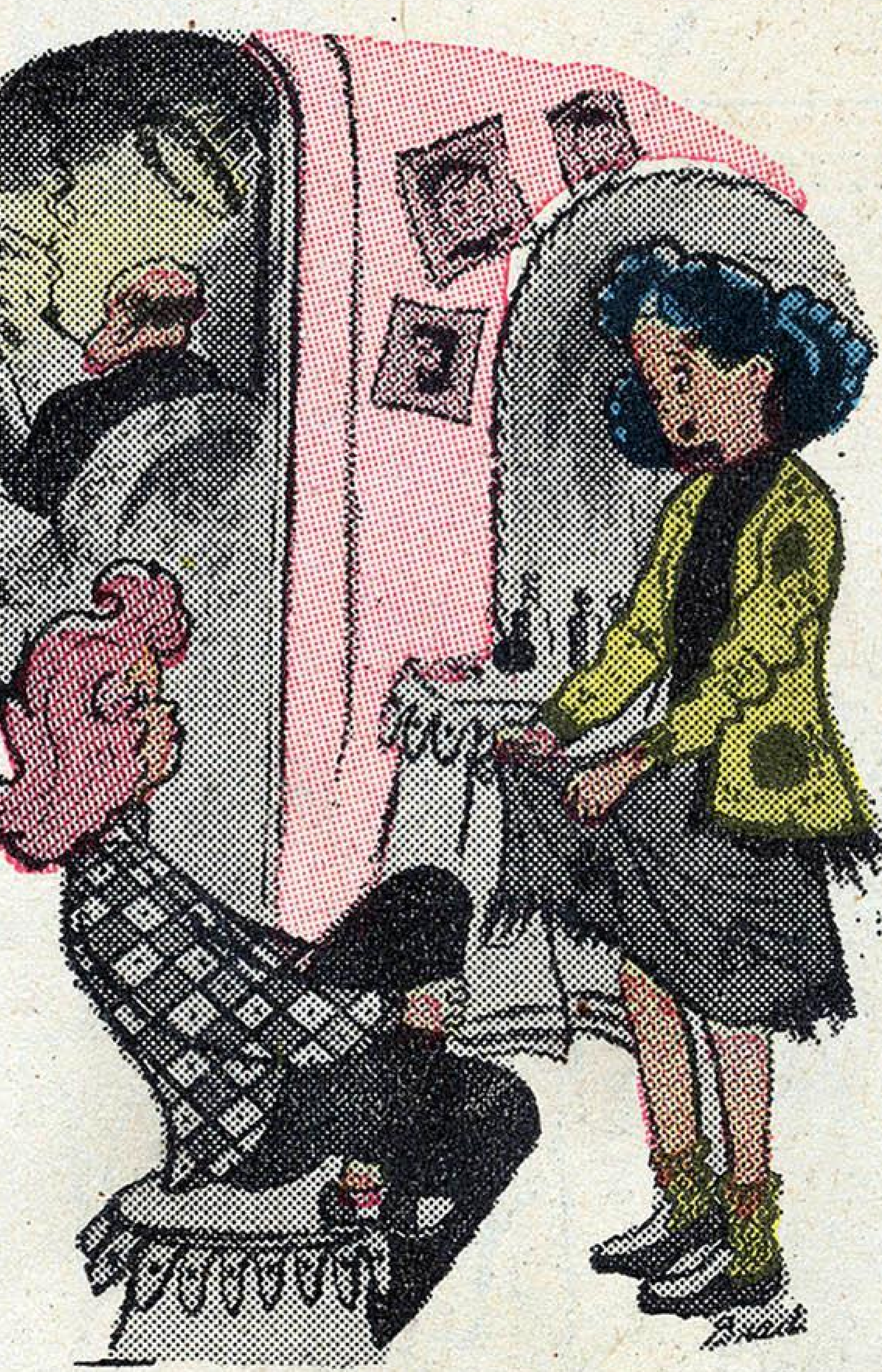
***Bedtime:***

When you put yourself and your summer complexion to bed, first cleanse your skin thoroughly with liquid cleansing cream to remove all dust and makeup. Rub this cream in well, and then wipe it all off with a tissue. Follow by a gentle patting with cotton dipped in herbal lotion. Then you'll be ready for bed—unless you have some special skin problem.

If you have such a skin problem, write to me about it. Don't be bashful. Ask me whatever you want to know: how to treat blackheads or oily skin, how to select the right kind of cream, the place of soap and water in your daily skin care. I know that you want candid, trustworthy answers for these and hundreds of other questions which pop into your heads and I shall be most happy to help you.

When you write be sure and tell me whether you are blonde or brunette and whether your skin is dry or oily. I always emphasize that it is never too soon but, luckily, never too late to start an individually planned and consistently followed personal appearance routine. Five or ten minutes of each day given to intelligent skin care can preserve your priceless possession—your complexion. That is why your magazine has asked me to write this column for you.

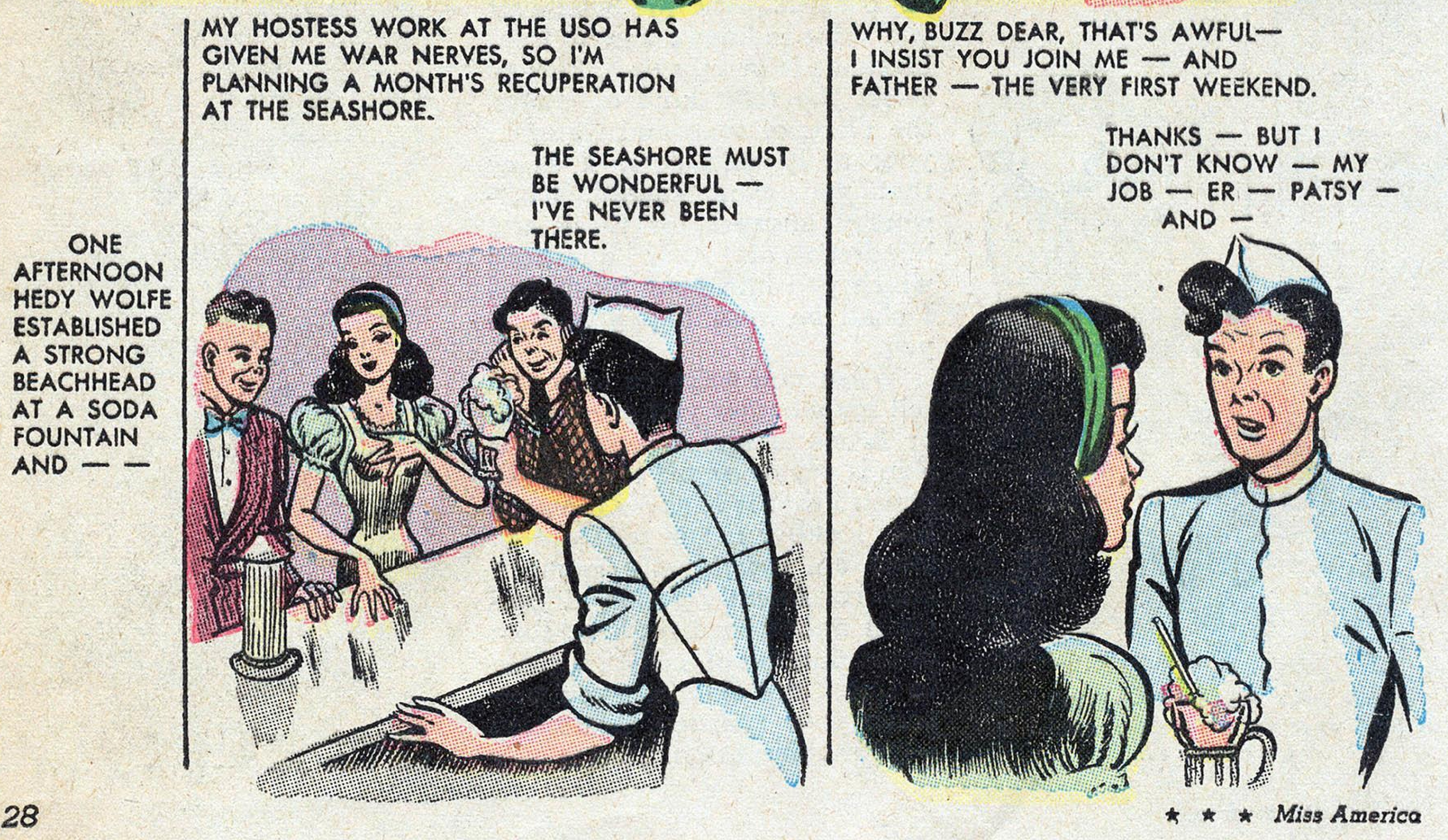
So join me in our monthly discussions on appearance problems and, whenever you have questions, write a letter to me, your new friend, Helene Pessl, c/o MISS AMERICA Magazine, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.



always wear this patched Cinderella costume when I'm aiming for a raise in my allowance.

For goodness sakes! Can't you jump past that water puddle—you're splashing me!

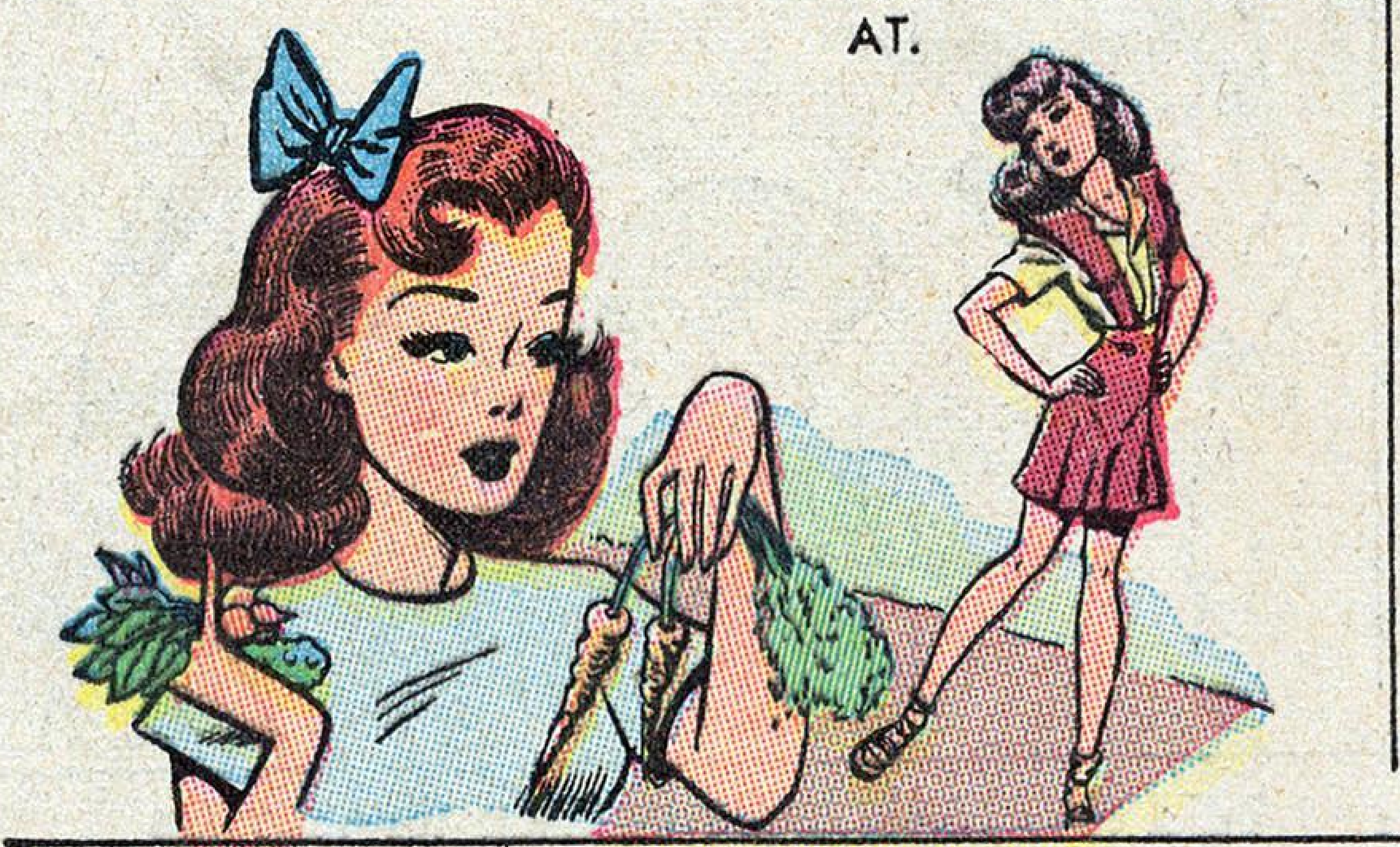
# Patsy Walker


ONE AFTERNOON HEDY WOLFE ESTABLISHED A STRONG BEACHHEAD AT A SODA FOUNTAIN AND — —
MY HOSTESS WORK AT THE USO HAS GIVEN ME WAR NERVES, SO I'M PLANNING A MONTH'S RECUPERATION AT THE SEASHORE.
THE SEASHORE MUST BE WONDERFUL — I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE.
WHY, BUZZ DEAR, THAT'S AWFUL— I INSIST YOU JOIN ME — AND FATHER — THE VERY FIRST WEEKEND.
THANKS — BUT I DON'T KNOW — MY JOB — ER — PATSY — AND —

MEANWHILE, ON ANOTHER HARD-FOUGHT BEACHHEAD ON THE HOME FRONT — — —

THREE IPSY PIPSY RADISHES AND A CUCUMBER — — THAT'S A FINE SUMMER'S WORK. JUST LOOK AT THESE CARROTS . . .

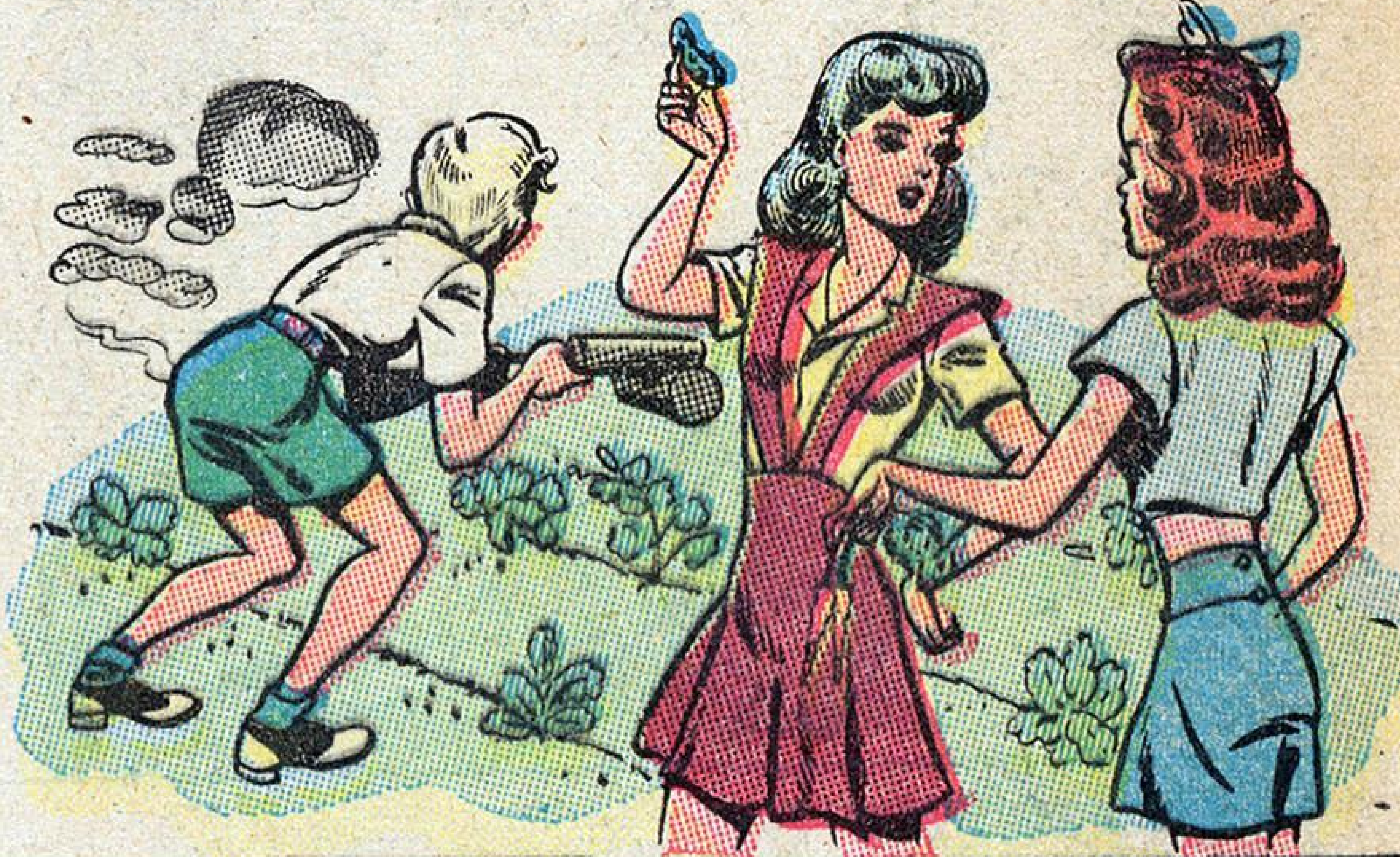
WELL, I'VE WORKED OFF 7½ OUNCES IN 7½ WEEKS — — I'M GETTING SO SVELTE I'M ALMOST WHISTLED AT.



THAT MAKES THE 1017TH JAP BEETLE I'VE SHOT DOWN. I'M BETTER THAN MAJOR BONG.

THESE ARE 4-F VEGETABLES.

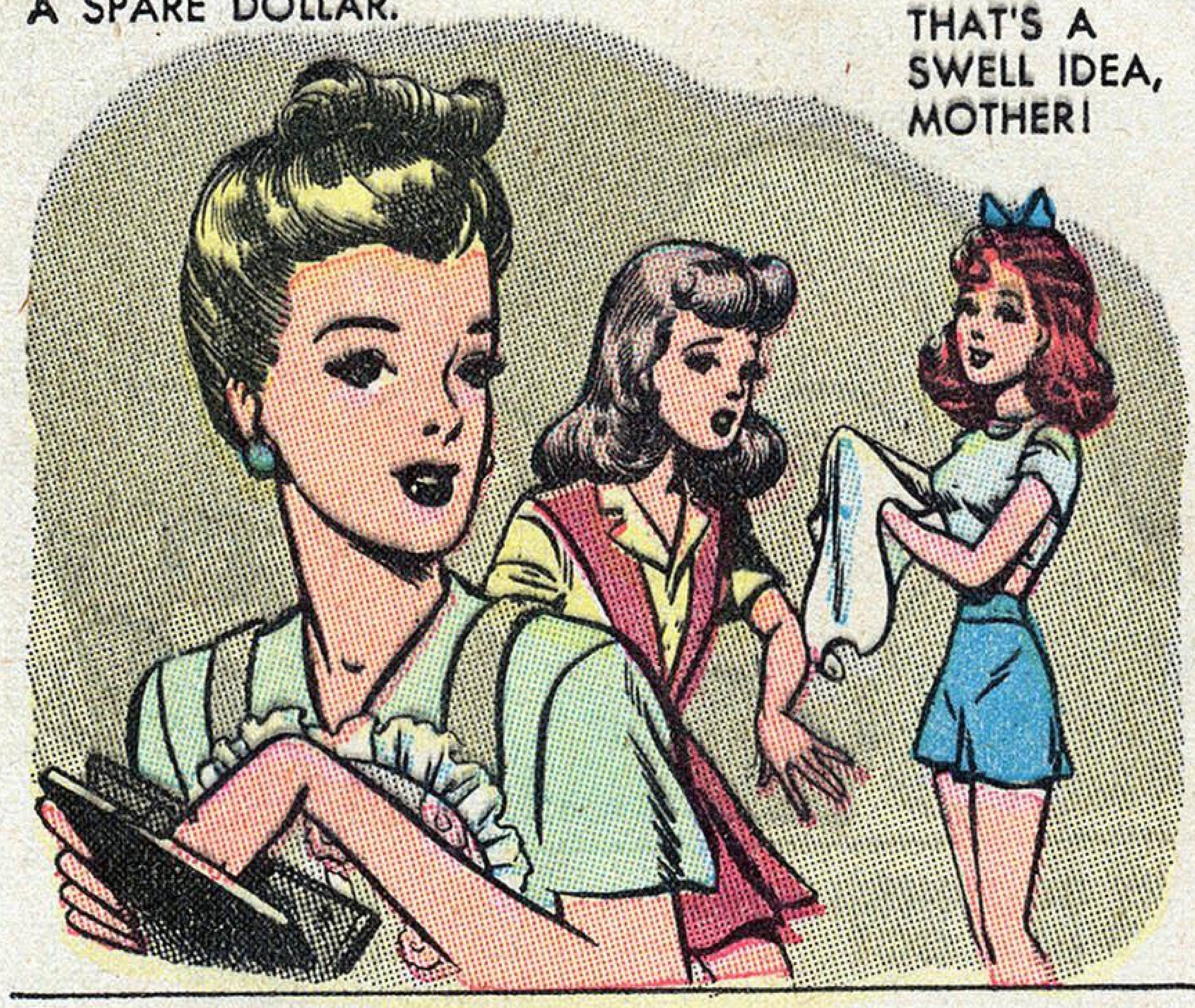
WELL, LET'S TAKE THE FRUITS OF OUR TOIL IN TO MOTHER.



WHY DON'T YOU GIRLS AND MICKEY DROWN YOUR SORROWS WITH A SODA? I'VE GOT A SPARE DOLLAR.

OH! PLOTTING TO FATTEN ME UP WHEN I'VE LOST 7½ OUNCES.

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, MOTHER!

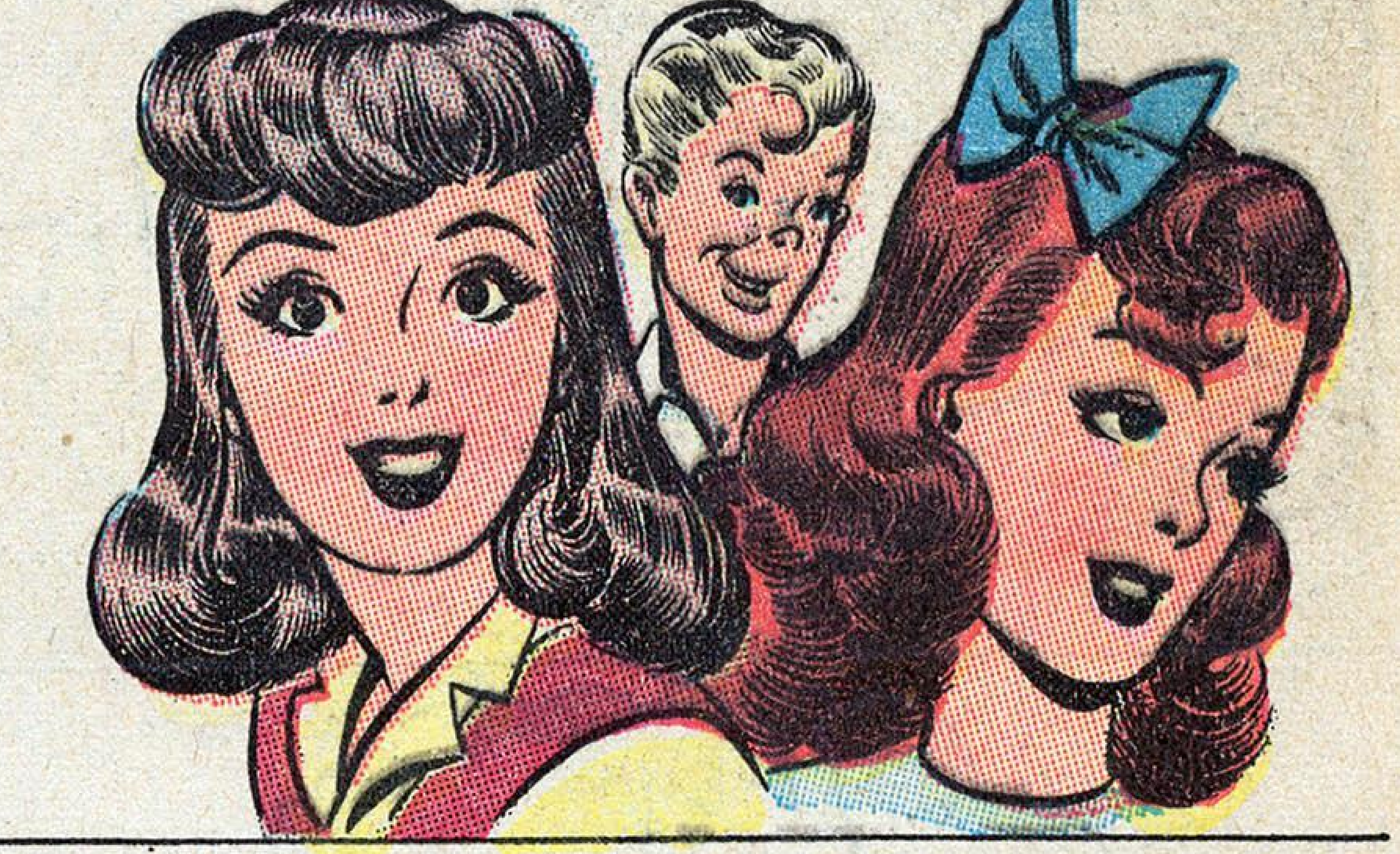


SOON, THE THREE ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE CORNER DRUG STORE — — —

HEAR THAT WHISTLE? THAT'S FOR THE NEW ME!

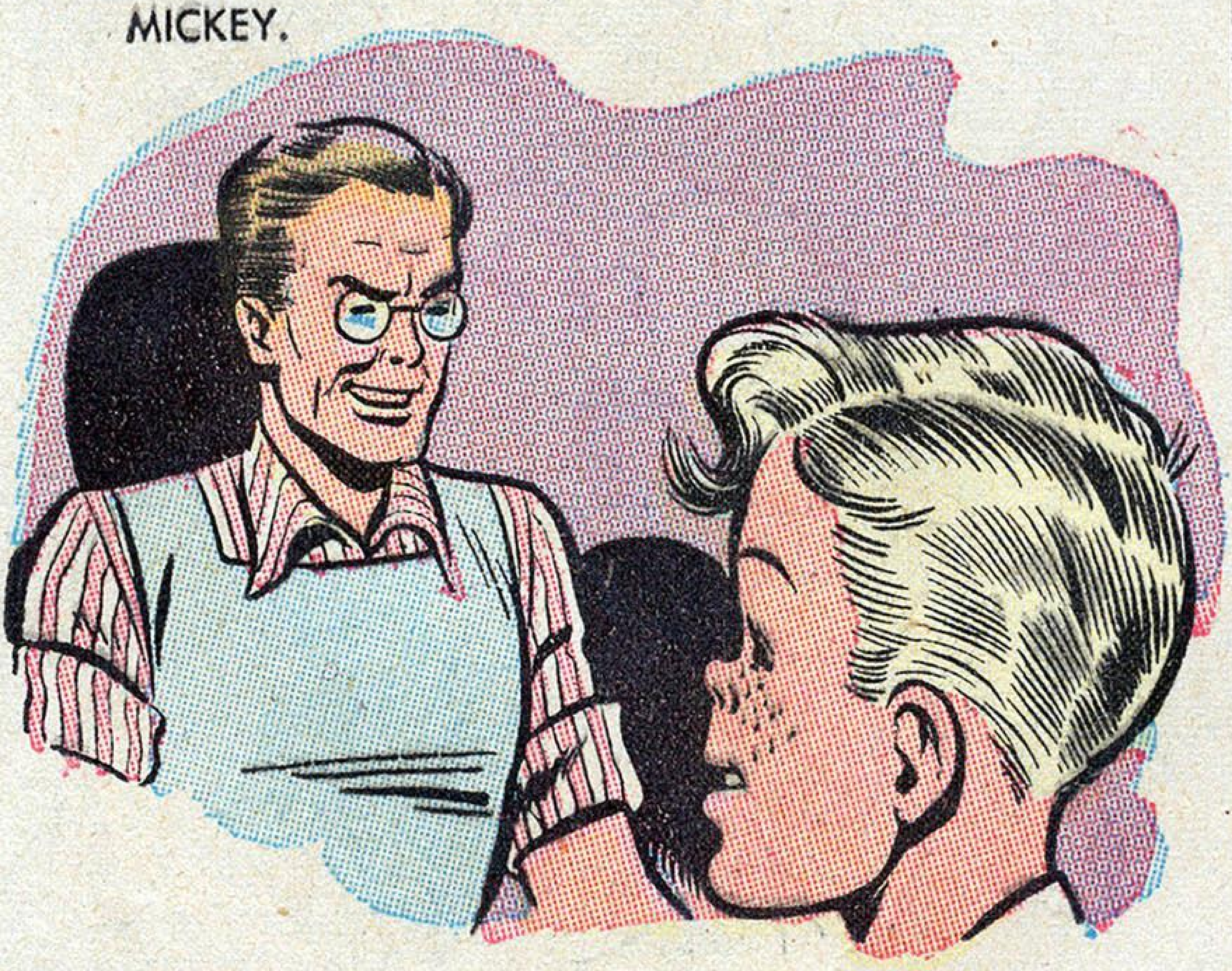
THAT'S MR. HERMAN CALLING HIS DOG.

I THINK MR. HERMAN WANTS YOU, MICKEY.



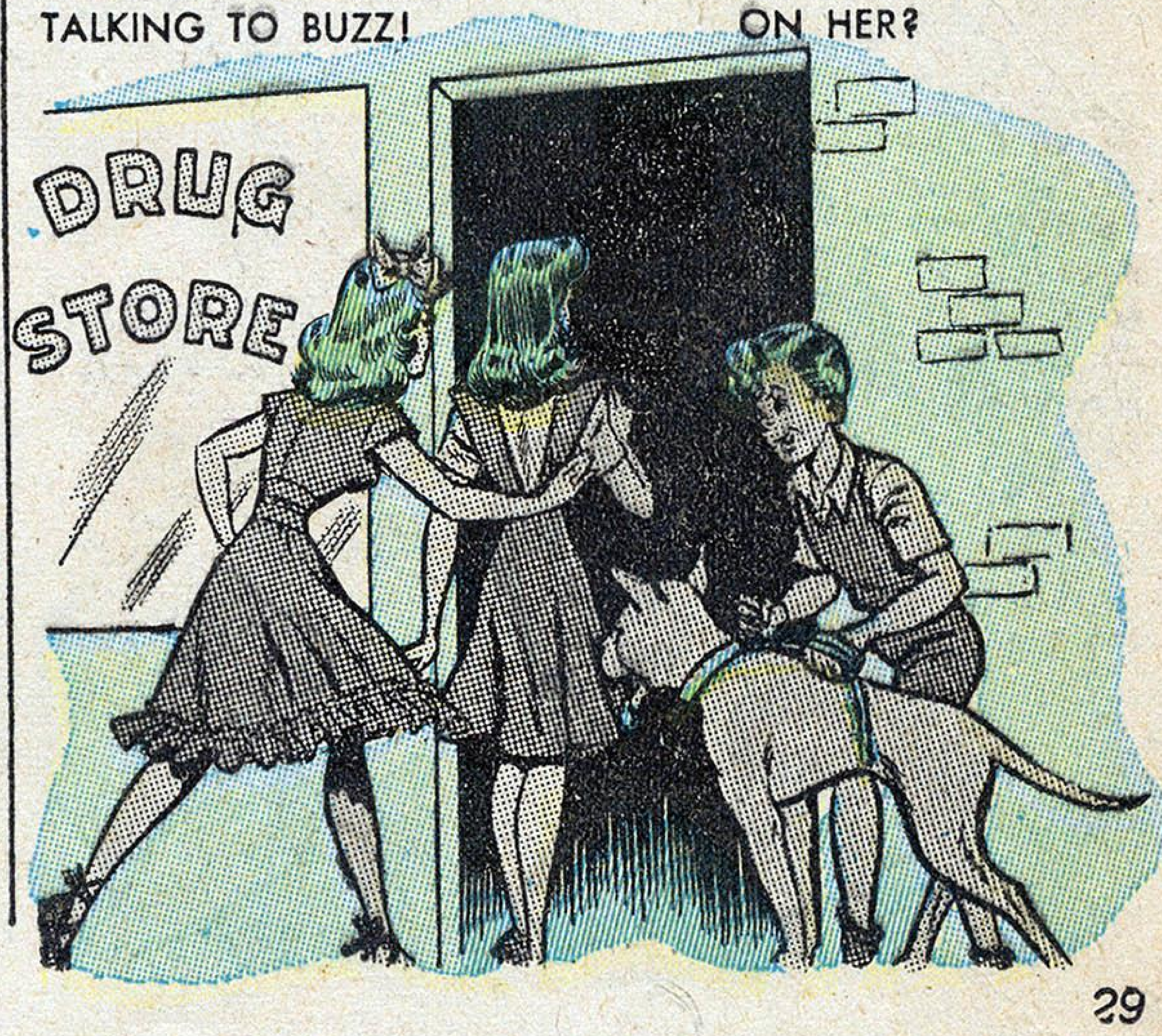
PRINCE NEEDS EXERCISE. FIFTY CENTS, IF YOU'LL TAKE HIM FOR A WALK, MICKEY.

SURE, MR. HERMAN.



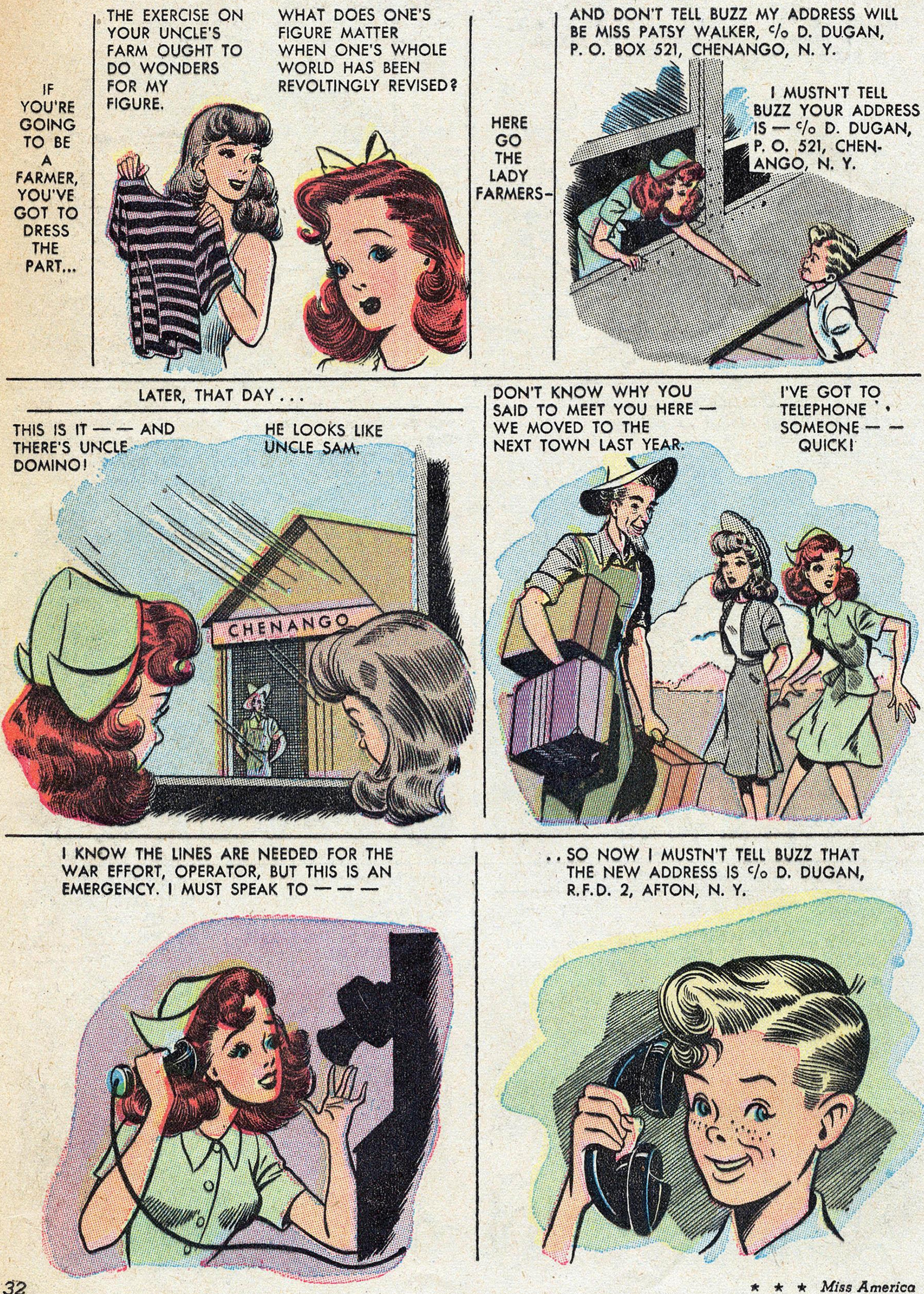
HEDY WOLFE! AND TALKING TO BUZZ!

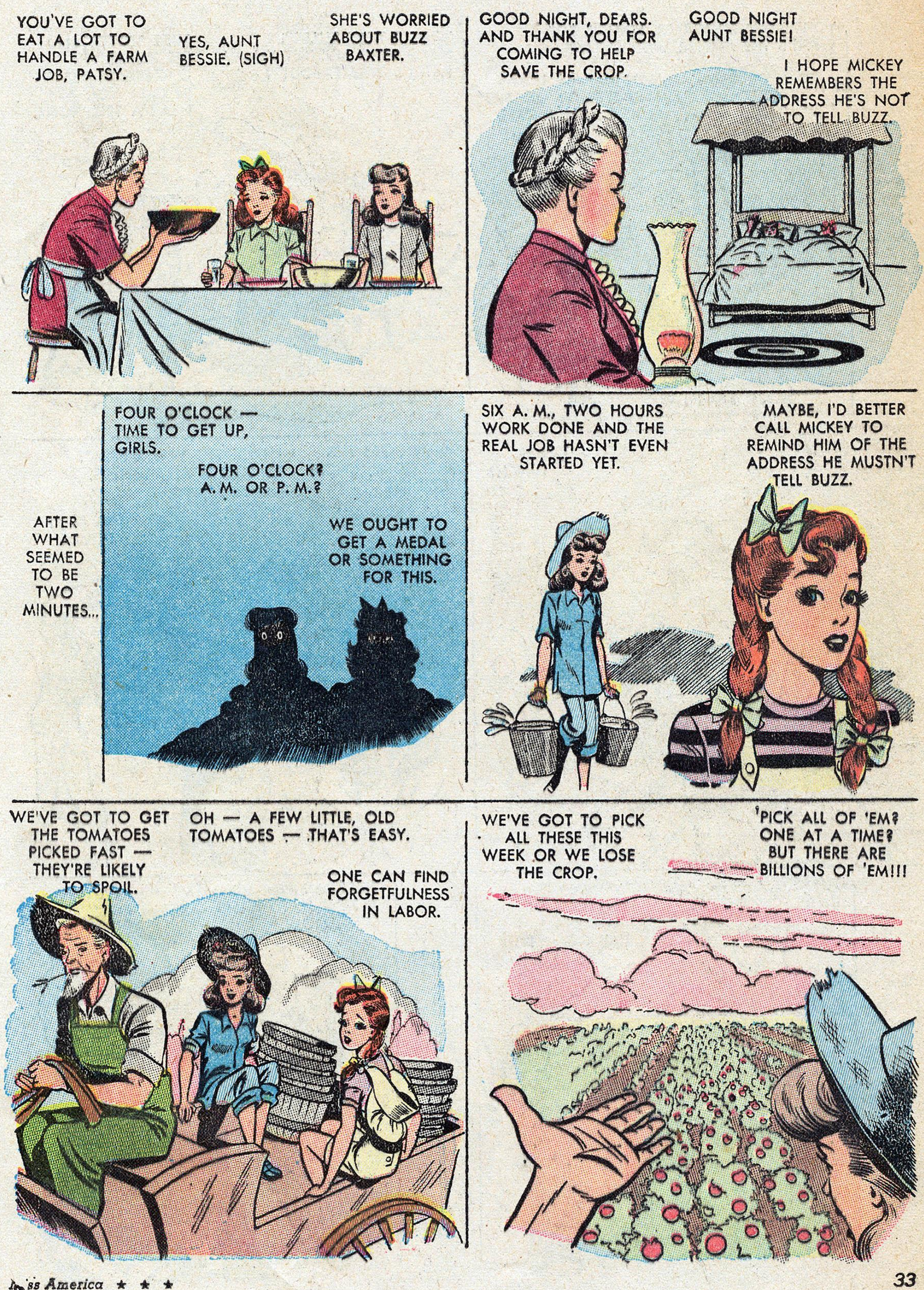
SHALL I SIC PRINCE ON HER?

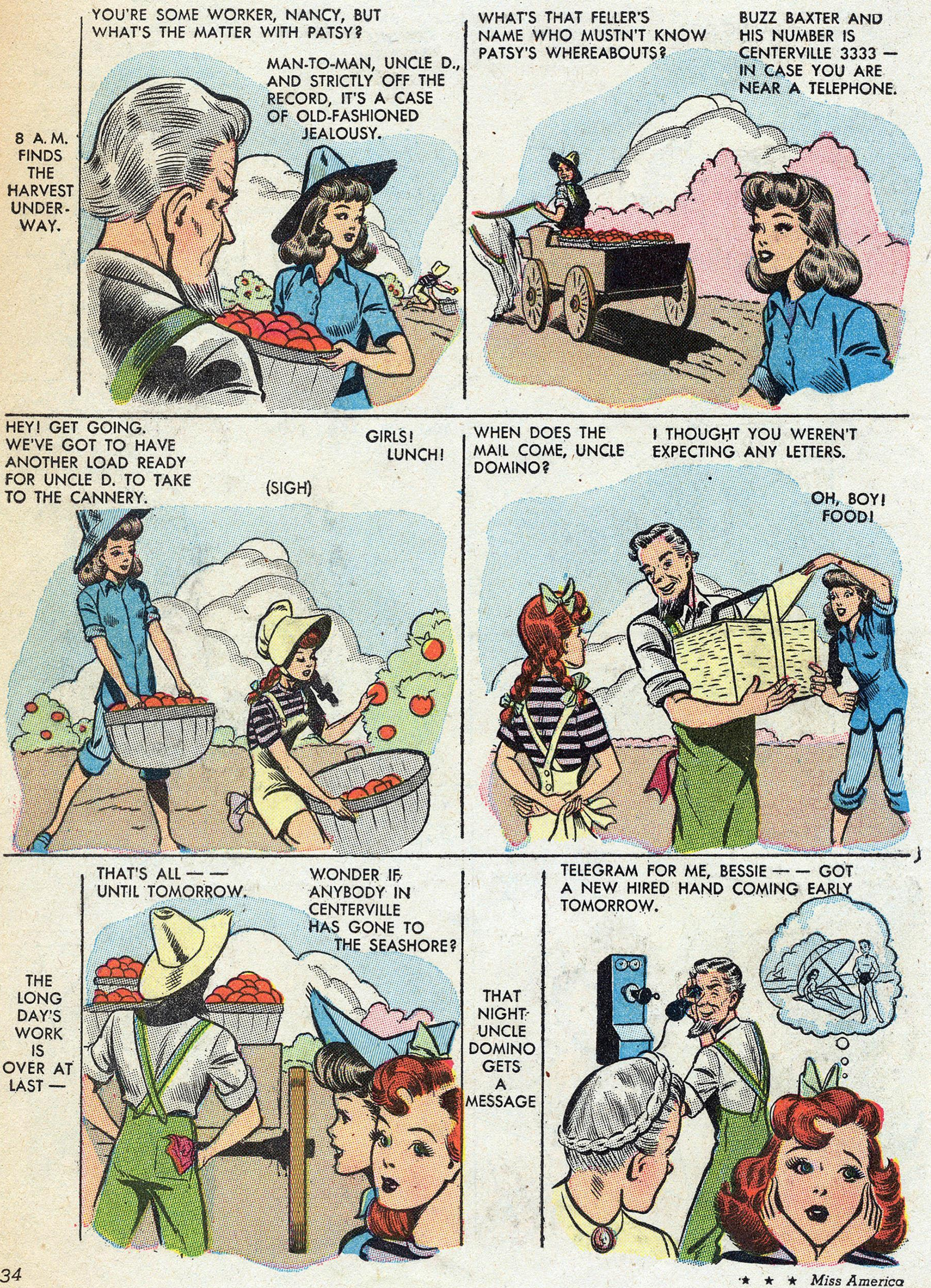


YOU'RE SO GRIMY — AND THAT AWFUL BEAST! STAY AWAY! TAKE THAT DOG AWAY, YOU IMP!
I'M NO IMP, YOU — —
MICKEY!
HIYA, PATSY! WHAT'LL IT BE?
I'LL TAKE A BANANA SPLIT AND A SODA ON THE SIDE—
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO SLENDERIZE, NANCY.
YOU BE A GOOD BOY, PRINCE, AND I'LL SLIP YOU A DISH OF ICE CREAM —
BUZZ HAS PRACTICALLY AGREED TO VISIT ME AT THE SEASHORE. HAVEN'T YOU BUZZ, DEAR?
GO SIC'ER, PRINCE! CATS!
MY GOODNESS! WHERE DID HEDY GO?
PRINCE! YOU NAUGHTY BOY!
CRASH!

HERE'S WHERE HEDY WENT.
AND HERE'S WHAT CAUSED HEDY'S HUMILIATION
FATHER AND I WILL EXPECT YOU AT THE SEASHORE SOON, BUZZ.
BUT — MY JOB!
YOU NEEDN'T PUT ON AN ACT FOR MY BENEFIT, MR. BAXTER.
WOE IS ME! BUZZ IS GOING TO THE SEASHORE WITH HEDY — —
SPEAKING OF HEDY, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY AFTERNOON, MICKEY.
AW — — IT WASN'T ANYTHING, REALLY.
THAT NIGHT, MORE WOE FOR PATSY...
NO VACATION THIS YEAR — — WE'LL PUT THE MONEY INTO WAR BONDS.
THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL.
PATSY AND BUZZ ARE MAD AGAIN — THAT'S WHY THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL.
UNCLE DOMINO WANTS PATSY AND NANCY TO COME TO HIS FARM TO HELP OUT — — THE CROPS WILL SPOIL IF HE DOESN'T HAVE HELP.
ONE MIGHT JUST AS WELL LANGUISH AND DIE ON A FARM AS IN ONE'S OWN HOME.


IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A FARMER, YOU'VE GOT TO DRESS THE PART...
THE EXERCISE ON YOUR UNCLE'S FARM OUGHT TO DO WONDERS FOR MY FIGURE.
WHAT DOES ONE'S FIGURE MATTER WHEN ONE'S WHOLE WORLD HAS BEEN REVOLTINGLY REVISED?
HERE GO THE LADY FARMERS—
AND DON'T TELL BUZZ MY ADDRESS WILL BE MISS PATSY WALKER, c/o D. DUGAN, P. O. BOX 521, CHENANGO, N. Y.
I MUSTN'T TELL BUZZ YOUR ADDRESS IS — c/o D. DUGAN, P. O. 521, CHENANGO, N. Y.
LATER, THAT DAY . . .
THIS IS IT — — AND THERE'S UNCLE DOMINO!
HE LOOKS LIKE UNCLE SAM.
CHENANGO
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SAID TO MEET YOU HERE — WE MOVED TO THE NEXT TOWN LAST YEAR.
I'VE GOT TO TELEPHONE SOMEONE — — QUICK!
I KNOW THE LINES ARE NEEDED FOR THE WAR EFFORT, OPERATOR, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. I MUST SPEAK TO — — —
. . SO NOW I MUSTN'T TELL BUZZ THAT THE NEW ADDRESS IS c/o D. DUGAN, R.F.D. 2, AFTON, N. Y.


YOU'VE GOT TO EAT A LOT TO HANDLE A FARM JOB, PATSY.
YES, AUNT BESSIE. (SIGH)
SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT BUZZ BAXTER.
GOOD NIGHT, DEARS. AND THANK YOU FOR COMING TO HELP SAVE THE CROP.
GOOD NIGHT AUNT BESSIE!
I HOPE MICKEY REMEMBERS THE ADDRESS HE'S NOT TO TELL BUZZ.
AFTER WHAT SEEMED TO BE TWO MINUTES...
FOUR O'CLOCK — TIME TO GET UP, GIRLS.
FOUR O'CLOCK? A.M. OR P.M.?
WE OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL OR SOMETHING FOR THIS.
SIX A.M., TWO HOURS WORK DONE AND THE REAL JOB HASN'T EVEN STARTED YET.
MAYBE, I'D BETTER CALL MICKEY TO REMIND HIM OF THE ADDRESS HE MUSTN'T TELL BUZZ.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE TOMATOES PICKED FAST — THEY'RE LIKELY TO SPOIL.
OH — A FEW LITTLE, OLD TOMATOES — THAT'S EASY.
ONE CAN FIND FORGETFULNESS IN LABOR.
WE'VE GOT TO PICK ALL THESE THIS WEEK OR WE LOSE THE CROP.
PICK ALL OF 'EM? ONE AT A TIME? BUT THERE ARE BILLIONS OF 'EM!!!


8 A.M. FINDS THE HARVEST UNDERWAY.
YOU'RE SOME WORKER, NANCY, BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PATSY?
MAN-TO-MAN, UNCLE D., AND STRICTLY OFF THE RECORD, IT'S A CASE OF OLD-FASHIONED JEALOUSY.
WHAT'S THAT FELLER'S NAME WHO MUSTN'T KNOW PATSY'S WHEREABOUTS?
BUZZ BAXTER AND HIS NUMBER IS CENTERVILLE 3333 — IN CASE YOU ARE NEAR A TELEPHONE.
HEY! GET GOING. WE'VE GOT TO HAVE ANOTHER LOAD READY FOR UNCLE D. TO TAKE TO THE CANNERY.
(SIGH)
GIRLS! LUNCH!
WHEN DOES THE MAIL COME, UNCLE DOMINO?
I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING ANY LETTERS.
OH, BOY! FOOD!
THE LONG DAY'S WORK IS OVER AT LAST —
THAT'S ALL — — UNTIL TOMORROW.
WONDER IF ANYBODY IN CENTERVILLE HAS GONE TO THE SEASHORE?
THAT NIGHT UNCLE DOMINO GETS A MESSAGE
TELEGRAM FOR ME, BESSIE — — GOT A NEW HIRED HAND COMING EARLY TOMORROW.

BRIGHT AND EARLY THE NEXT DAY...
I'M GOING INTO TOWN TO PICK UP A NEW HIRED HAND. KEEP PICKING, GIRLS.
I SHALL LOATHE TOMATOES THE REST OF MY LIFE.
HI, PATSY! LOOK WHAT I HIRED TO HELP YOU!
BUZZ!
I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE TO THE SEASHORE.
I'D RATHER PICK TOMATOES WITH YOU.
FUNNY THING — YESTERDAY PATSY WAS NO HELP AT ALL —
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, UNCLE D. IS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND US WOMEN.
YOU KIDS SURE SAVED YOUR UNCLE DOMINO'S TOMATO CROP FOR UNCLE SAM.
YOU SAVED BUZZ FOR ME, YOU NICE MEDDLER, WHEN YOU CALLED HIM AND GAVE HIM A JOB.
106 POUNDS! TWO POUNDS LESS THAN BETTY GRABLE — I LOVE YOU AND YOUR HARD WORK, UNCLE D.!
UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOU!

# MOODS IN MUSIC

From page 19

I began to make a more definite study of it. A check-up proved some pretty amazing facts. Last year we got about seventy-five percent of our requests for fast hot numbers and twenty-five percent for ballads. This year, it had done an "about face." Nearly everywhere we played, it had changed to seventy-five percent sweet requests, and twenty-five percent hot.

I was so interested in this growing new trend in music that I began checking on other things. When a music cycle begins to change, usually styles in dancing and clothes change too. This was the case, all right. A majority of the dancers in most of the places were dancing straight—"smooth," instead of jitterbugging. Too, the girls were dressed fancier and more feminine, and all the audiences looked more relaxed and at ease—less frantic and restless than they've looked for the past couple of years. Everyone seemed to be having more fun without working so hard at it.

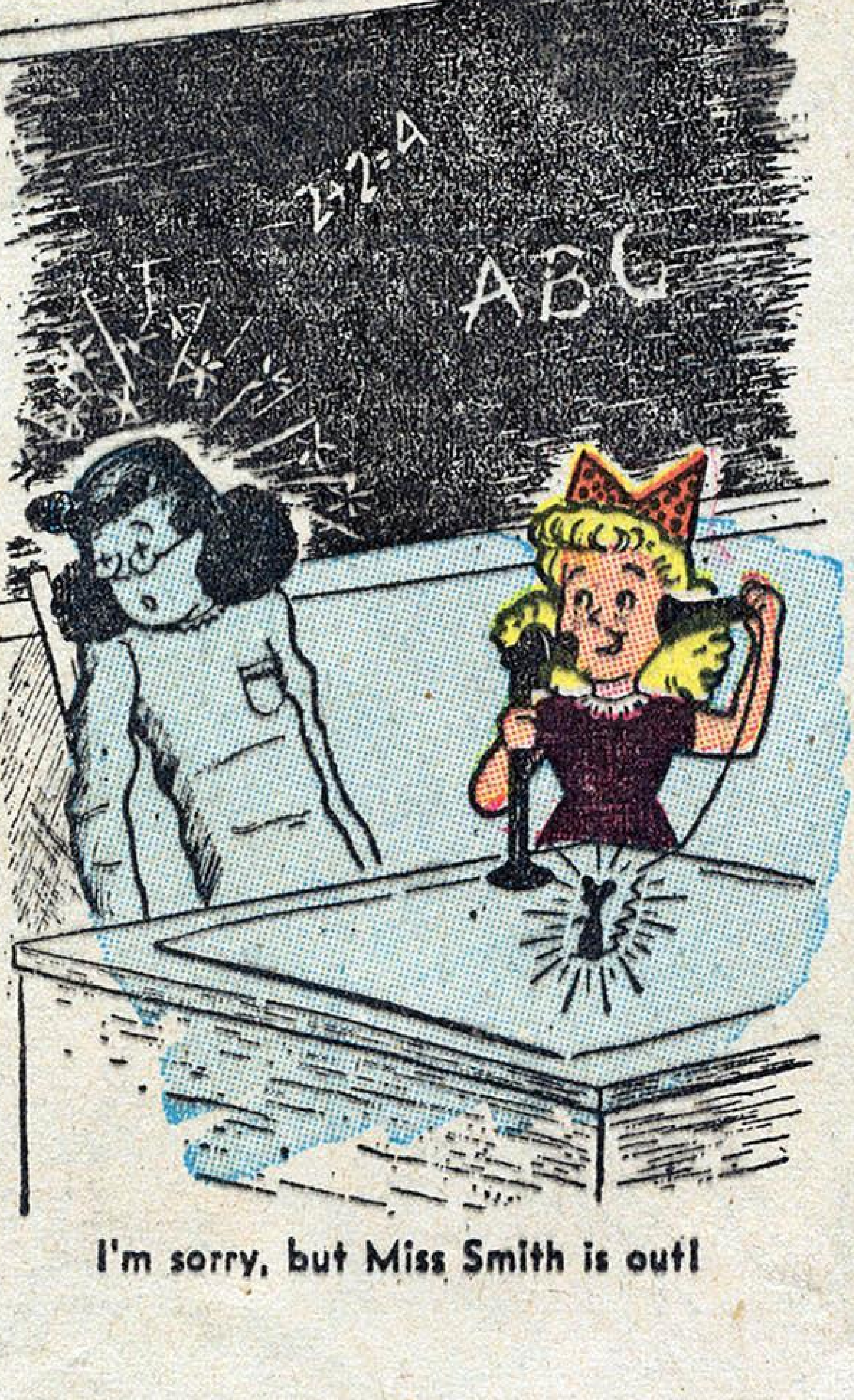
On the basis of my tour observations, I'll go out on a limb and make a prediction. It looks to me as if jitterbugging is making motions that it's on the wane. Not that it has disappeared or is going to disappear all of a sudden. Changes like that in dancing trends are gradual. But the signs are pretty plain. A year ago you'd find three-fourths of the couples jitterbugging in any dance hall. Now a big majority of them are dancing "smooth."

We even noticed that in several big dance halls across the country, like Pacific Square in San Diego, and Casino Gardens outside of Hollywood where ten thousand dancers crowd in on Saturday nights, the managers have roped off part of their floors. Over the roped-off section is the sign "Jitterbug Jungle," so the rug-cutters can carry on in there without tangling with the rapidly increasing group of straight dancers. The hot music now seems to draw more "'gators" than dancers.

Personally, I've always had a soft spot in my heart for the "schmaltzy" tunes. Although I'm principally known as a "hot" horn player, my first really big success in a record—and a lot of them since—was with a sweet number. It was "You Made Me Love You," a revival tune. The other side was "A Sinner Kissed An Angel." A lot of them since have been ballad numbers like "Sleepy Lagoon," "Easter Parade," "I Heard You Cried Last Night," and a lot of others. A little while back I revamped the orchestra, putting in a bigger violin section and adding more woodwinds, so we're all prepared to meet the demand for sweet music.

It's interesting to try to analyze the reason for this new change—if it really is a definite change. There can be lots of reasons for new trends in music and for different types of songs rising to public favor. One factor is the temperament of the people who listen and dance to the music. Another, is the kind of singers who currently are enjoying popularity. And still another is the fact that the American public is always ready for something new in the way of entertainment.

Maybe the temperament of the public is the most important of these three. I've been wondering if we weren't all stimulated by the excitement of war for a while. Now, we're becoming acclimated to it, taking it in our stride, and settling down to face it as a deadly serious job. The war was bound to have a drastic effect on music at first. We wanted louder and faster music as the tempo of our lives speeded up. Now, we're beginning to relax, and music is following suit.



I'm sorry, but Miss Smith is out!

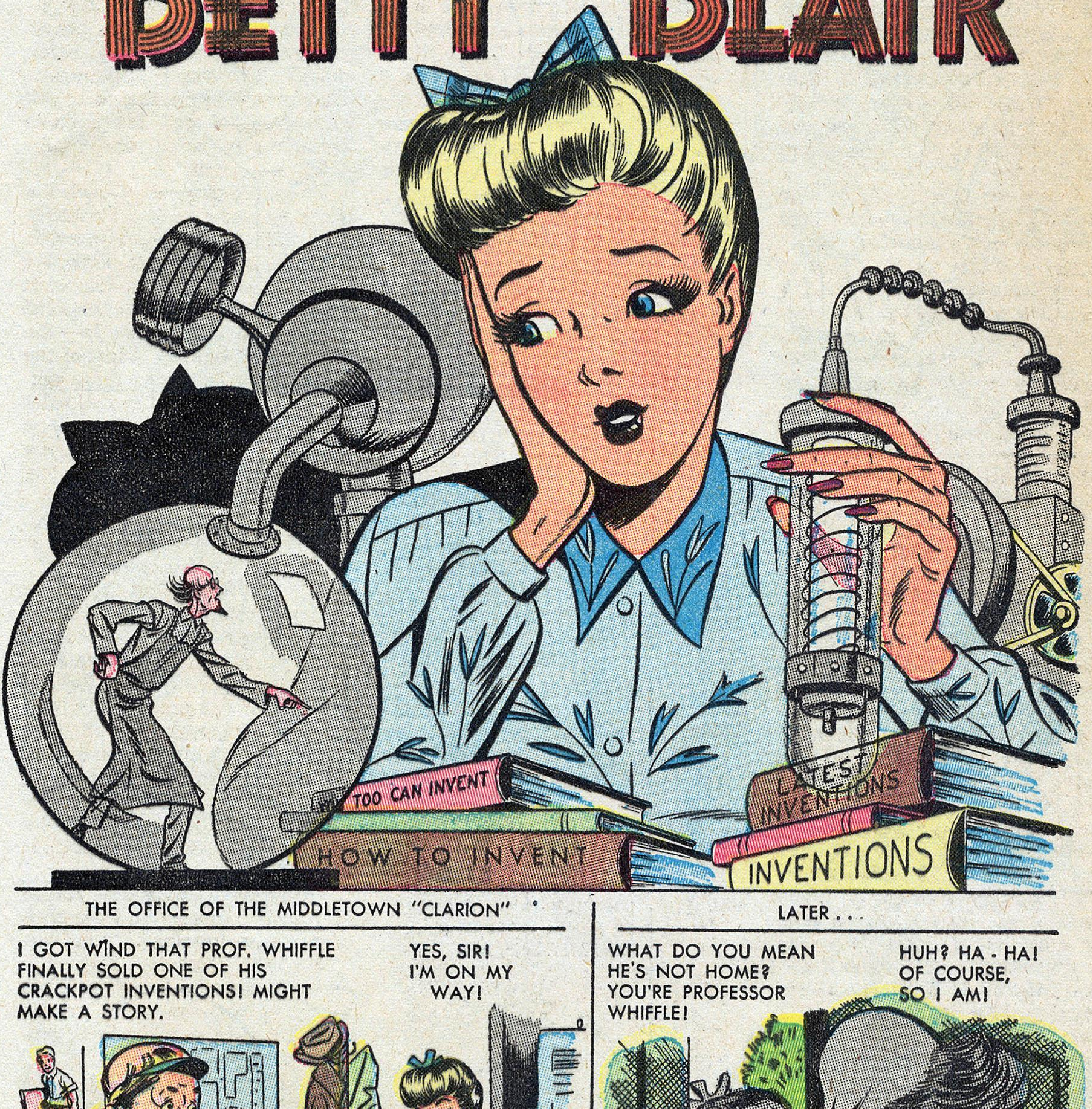
Then, the singers. Check the really popular ones. Probably Frank Sinatra has had as much to do as anyone with changing the mood of our music from hot to sweet, because that's the kind of song he specializes in—the sentimental ballad. Most of the popular vocalists with large personal followings and record sales are primarily sweet singers, too—Bing Crosby, Dick Haymes, Dinah Shore, Andy Russell and half a dozen others.

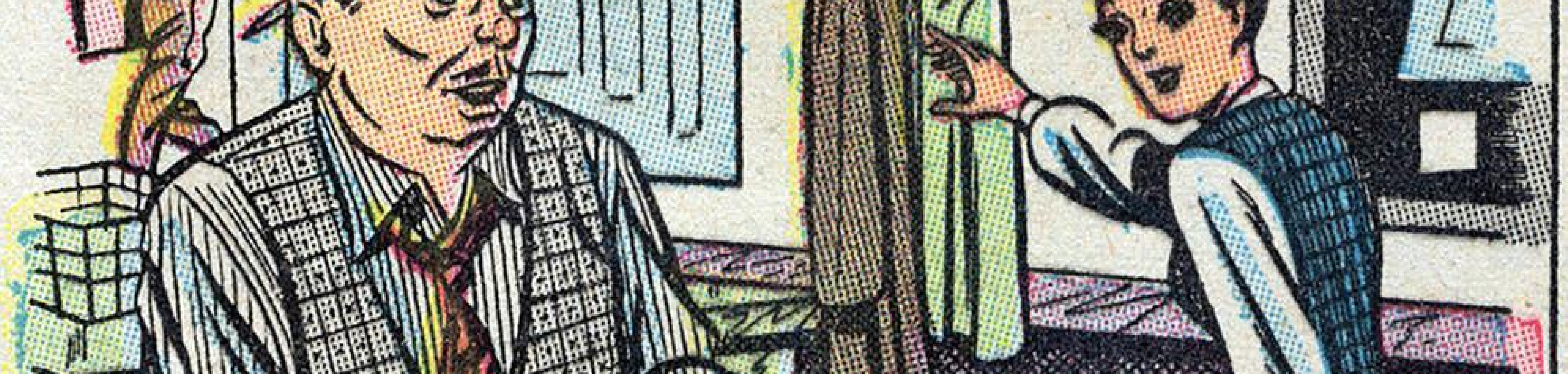
And finally, the fact that music and dancing trends are never static. They're constantly changing. Since jazz first rose to popularity, a dozen designs for dancing have come and gone—the Charleston, the Black Bottom, the Tango, the Varsity Drag, the Lambeth Walk—countless others have had their period of popularity and then have given way to something new. Jitterbugging is just another design, and it will be interesting to see just what does follow.

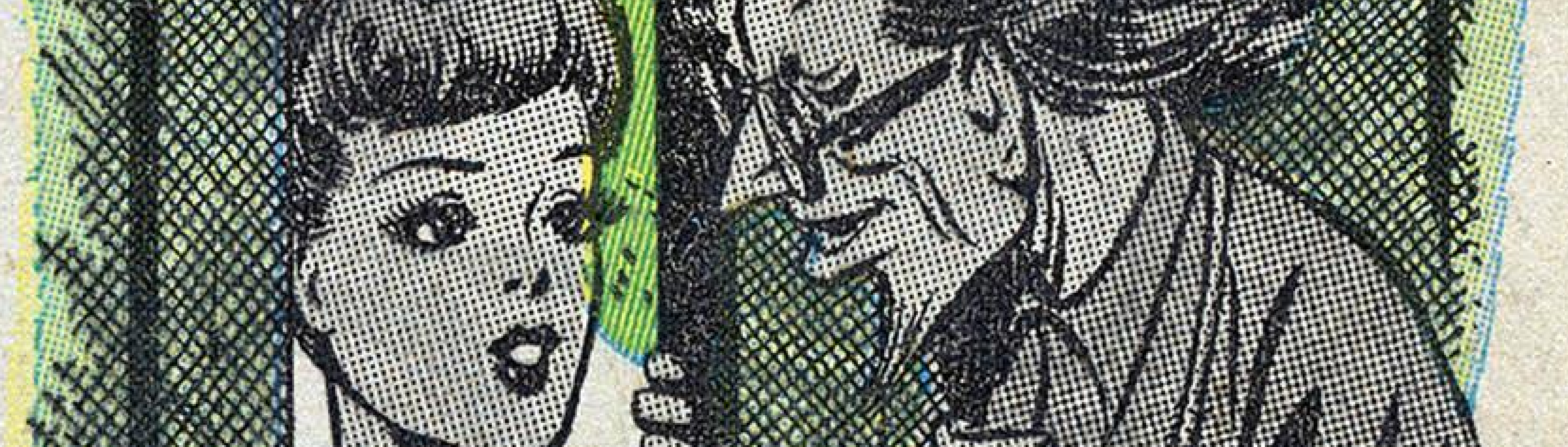
I'm anxious to know if you've noticed this change in song preference and dancing in your section of the country. Naturally we can only check our requests at the places we visit, so we can't be sure exactly how general the change is.

If I've been reading the "script" wrong, stop me right now. Our policy is dictated by what you want us to play. The guys and gals who really like to dance and listen to music are always way ahead of the experts—because they're the ones who call the turn. So let me know if we're right in thinking you're ready for that "sentimental mood."

# BETTY BLAIR


TOO CAN INVENT
LATEST INVENTIONS
HOW TO INVENT
INVENTIONS


THE OFFICE OF THE MIDDLETOWN "CLARION"
I GOT WIND THAT PROF. WHIFFLE FINALLY SOLD ONE OF HIS CRACKPOT INVENTIONS! MIGHT MAKE A STORY.
YES, SIR! I'M ON MY WAY!


LATER . . .
WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S NOT HOME? YOU'RE PROFESSOR WHIFFLE!
HUH? HA - HA! OF COURSE, SO I AM!

TALK ABOUT ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSORS! FIRST, HE FORGETS WHO HE IS, AND THEN HE FORGETS I'M HERE!
OH, PROFESSOR ???
HUH? YES? WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
BETTY PATIENTLY EXPLAINS HER MISSION TO THE PREOCCUPIED INVENTOR!
INVENTION? I SOLD? PERHAPS, IT WAS THIS ––
A COMB THAT VACUUMS THE HEAD AND COLLECTS ALL DANDRUFF! IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE MODERN INDUSTRY!
GOOD GRAVY ???
OR MAYBE THIS IS IT! MY PORTABLE BATHROOM! ONE CAN BRUSH HIS TEETH, SHAVE AND WASH WITHOUT GETTING OUT OF BED! IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE –––
I HARDLY THINK IT COULD BE EITHER ONE! OH, YOUR 'PHONE, SIR!
'PHONE? AH! THAT REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER WONDERFUL INVENTION OF MINE ––

IMPATIENTLY, BETTY LIFTS THE 'PHONE AND — —
MAYBE IT'S THIS AUTOMATIC SHOE LACER?
WHAT? THE SMITH BABY?? GOOD GOSH! I'LL GET RIGHT OVER THERE, BOSS!
BABY?? BABY?? THAT REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER INVENTION OF MINE! IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE — —
SOME OTHER TIME, PROFESSOR! SORRY! WOW! WHAT A STORY!
HE WAS SLEEPING OUT HERE! I CAME TO GET HIM FOR A FEEDING AND FOUND THE CARRIAGE EMPTY — —
MY BABY! MY POOR BABY! OH-HHHH!
WE'LL FIND YOUR BABY, MRS. SMITH! CLANCY, GET ON THE 'PHONE AND ORDER ALL ROADS OUT OF TOWN WATCHED! THEY'LL NOT GET FAR! HURRY!
HOW ABOUT THE TRAINS, CHIEF?
YOU'RE RIGHT, BETTY! I'LL WIRE THE POLICE ALONG THE ROUTE TO SEARCH ALL TRAINS THAT LEFT HERE TODAY!

HOURS LATER, THE POLICE ARE STILL BAFFLED . . .
JUST ANOTHER FALSE REPORT.
(GROAN)
THAT POOR CHILD!
ONLY ONE THING LEFT, CHIEF! A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH!
JEEPERS! NO ONE IN OUR TOWN WOULD BE MEAN ENOUGH TO DO SUCH A THING!
OH, HELLO. BOSS!
I HEARD YOUR LAST REMARK, BETTY! UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T AGREE WITH YOU . . .
OUR TOWN, LIKE OTHERS HAS QUESTIONABLE ELEMENTS! WHO KNOWS BUT SOME CRANK OR CRACKPOT . . .
CRACKPOT? PROFESSOR WHIFFLE!!!
SUDDENLY —
BETTY, WHERE YOU GOING!
I JUST REMEMBERED ANOTHER OF WHIFFLE'S INVENTIONS! C'MON!
I REMEMBER! YOU'RE THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO BUY MY INVENTION . . .
NO! NO! PROFESSOR! PLEASE TRY TO REMEMBER! IT'S ABOUT THE BABY!

BABY? BABY? LET ME SEE??
HE'S STALLING! I'LL GET THE TRUTH FROM HIM!
NO, CHIEF! LET ME!
REMEMBER, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE BABY?
OF COURSE! MY AUTOMATIC BABY FEEDER!
MY MOST REMARKABLE WORK! IT FEEDS THE BABY ONE MINUTE AFTER IT AWAKENS. FOLLOW ME!
THE BABY'S CRYING SETS OFF THE ALARM WHICH TURNS ON THE CURRENT TO HEAT THE BOTTLE! IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE - - -
THE BABY!!!
THE NEXT DAY ....
I'M GLAD THE BABY'S, ALL RIGHT! WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME?
PUT YOU IN A WIRE PLACE WHERE YOU CAN INVENT! BY THE WAY, YOU NEVER DID TELL ME WHAT IT WAS YOU SOLD?
IT WAS AN AUTOMATIC REMINDER FOR FORGETFUL FOLKS! YOU KNOW, TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE STRING AROUND THE FINGER! IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE - - -
NO - - - O - - - O - - - O - - -! (GROAN)

# WALLFLOWERITIS

From page 17

to bring on a good case of wallfloweritis is to gossip about the other girls at the dance to any of your partners. Males don't like gossip. And, although you may think that Ruthie is a horrible showoff and snob, don't talk about it. You'll only belittle yourself in his eyes. If she is truly a showoff and snob, he'll find it out for himself; there's no reason for you to bring it to his attention. He'll just think you're petty. That is true not only at dances, but everywhere.

Another way to bring on wallfloweritis is not to be sure of yourself. If you get to the party and then feel that all the other gals look better than you do, don't let it get you. It's you that is inside of the dress that counts. Perhaps your dress isn't as expensive nor your accessories as fashionable—perhaps your hair just wouldn't go up right tonight. But don't be ashamed. Of course making yourself as attractive as possible is terribly important, but what makes you really attractive is your personality and your confidence in it. Confidence in yourself isn't conceit. Confidence in yourself, together with knowing what to do and how to do it, is the best cure for wallfloweritis. Just try it. And when the music starts you'll start along with it and you'll still be going strong when the music has ended.

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# BODY AND SOUL

From page 26

surgery, or eye diseases or something else. I have specialized in psychiatry, meaning emotional and nervous trouble.

It really is too bad that some people still think a psychiatrist takes care of crazy and insane people only, and that it's better to give him a wide berth, because neighbors and friends might get funny ideas. Which is, in so many words, the bunk.

But, of course, we aren't made all of soul and emotions either, and when trouble kicks up it is likely to be this blessed body of ours. It seems to have a flair for getting us into the most unexpected trouble at times.

A few months ago, I went to visit a friend of mine, a surgeon, in the hospital. They told me he was in the operating room. So I went up, put on the regulation gown, mask and cap, and watched him for a while.

He was performing a very skillful operation on an appendix that had gone bad, very bad indeed. Ordinarily the appendix looks like a shriveled worm, about as long as your pinky; but this one was all inflamed and swollen and ready to break open. It was really an emergency operation.

"Who is the patient?" I asked. The patient turned out to be a student nurse of the hospital, a freshman. And she had taken a laxative when her stomach began to hurt.

Somebody said, "Well, being a student nurse, she should have known better."

My friend, the surgeon, said nothing. Nor did I. But we understood each other. This appendicitis business really is a ticklish problem, and loads of people make mistakes about it.

For one thing, it happens so unexpectedly usually. There is no telling when and whom appendix trouble will strike. It just can't be predicted. And there seems to be no sure way to escape it. It simply isn't anybody's fault. Swallowing seeds or cherry stones or things usually have nothing to do with an appendix that has gone bad.

Of course, most everyone today knows that in case of a severe stomach ache a laxative is worse than poison. But then again, eight times out of ten, it turns out that the stomach ache wasn't appendix trouble at all. So it's all very confusing. Even more so, when you know that the appendix is located in the lower right side, but the pain starts all the way up in the pit of the stomach.

I became interested in the case of the student nurse, and a couple of days later when I happened to be in the same hospital, I talked to her. Her name was Paula.

"Well," she confessed, "the pain started up in the stomach, and I told the other girls it was nothing and I'd fix it up in a jiffy with some 'Milk of Magnesia.' Then one of the girls said it might be appendicitis and not to take any laxative and go see a doctor. So I got a little angry and told her I knew my medical rules just as well as anyone, and that I could certainly tell a simple stomach ache from an appendicitis. So I took the laxative just to show her, and because I wanted to sort of back up my statement. And," she added with a sigh "look at me now, doctor."

Fortunately, I could tell her that she was out of danger, and I also told her that it was a case of false pride that had gotten her into trouble. Said a wise man once, "Pride requires very costly food: its keeper's happiness." And that's quite true, I have found.

# Your Feet are Showing

### Concerning a mightily neglected matter—your feet . . .
### Here's how to keep 'em neat . . .

*By Polly Lloyd*

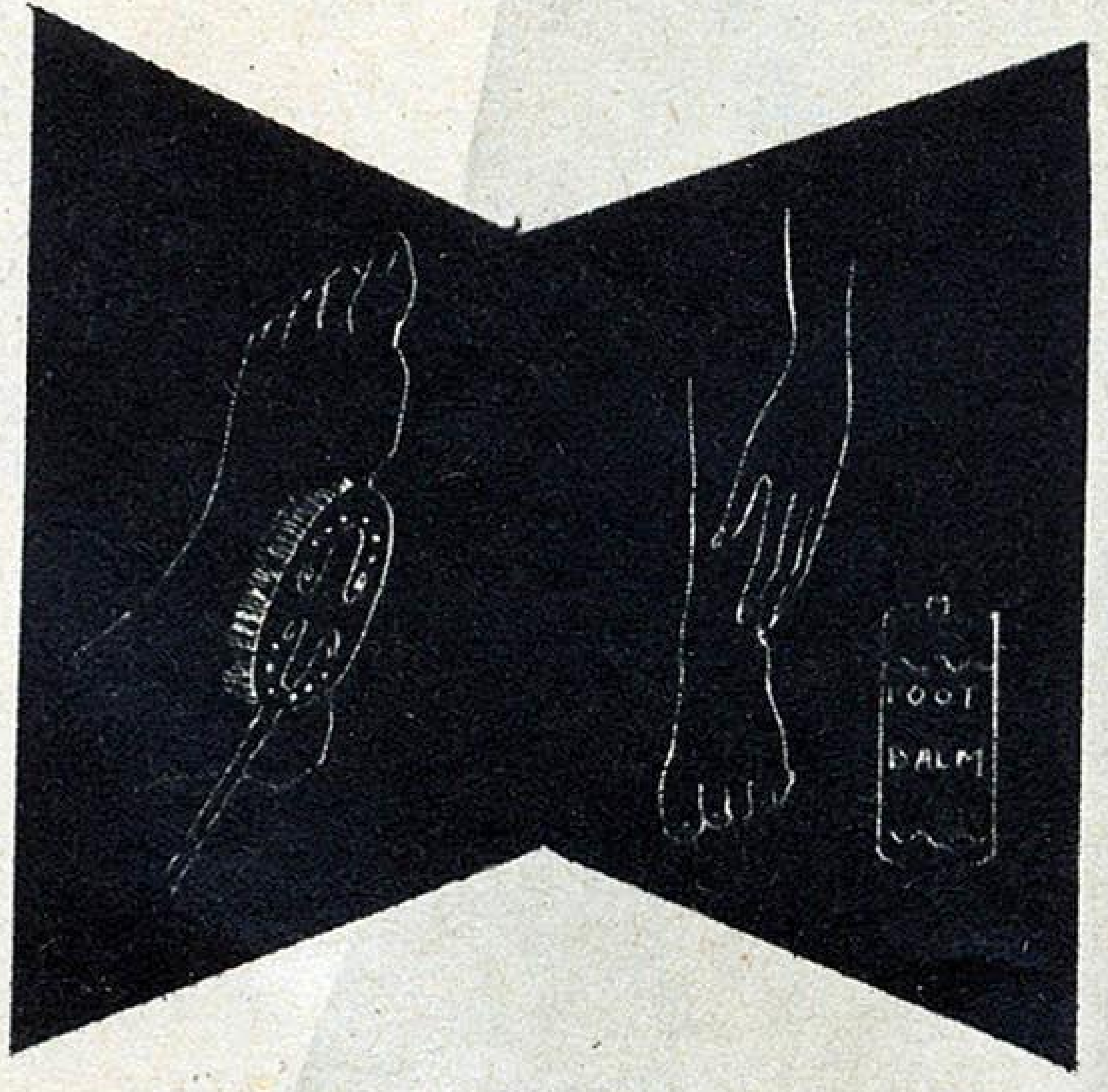
YEP, it's summertime and your feet are showing. But how do they look? That's what we were afraid of. They'd be all right if they didn't have those funny little bumps on the toes and heels, wouldn't they? And, of course, they could stand a pedicure to give them that well-groomed, lady-like look. How can we fix them up—but quick?

Actually, we should be much more concerned with how they got that "I-don't-belong-to-her-body" look, but most of us know that "if our feet ain't neat, our shoes ain't reet," and the subject is changed from The Beauty of The Feet to The Care of The Same, but that's not the point at the moment. The point is, summer's here, and something has to be done to dress up your tootsies right away. So, let's take a peak at **HOW TO MAKE YOUR FEET NEAT . . .**

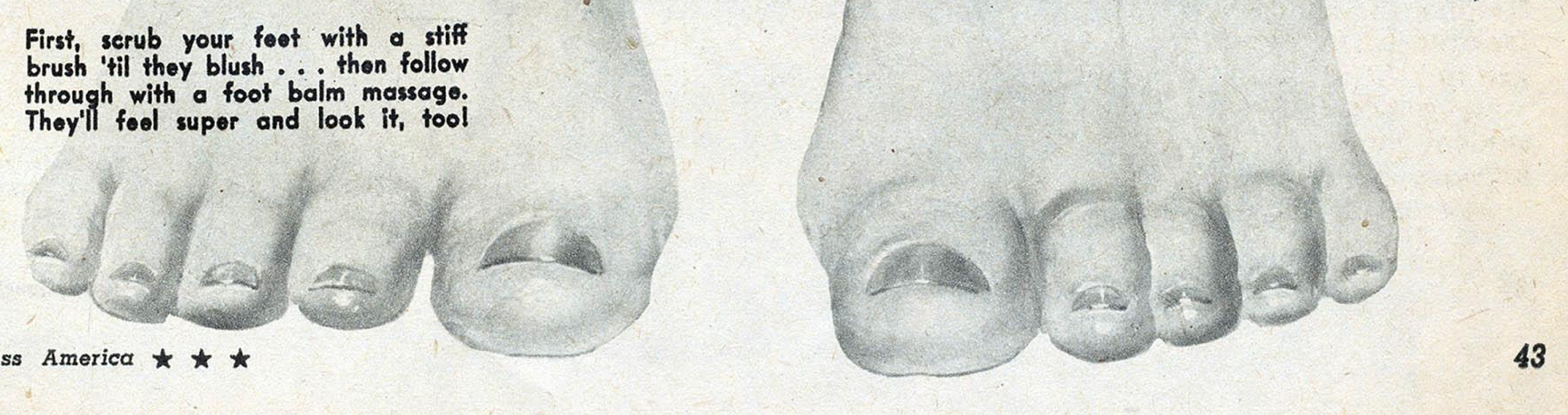
1. Scrub them with your bath brush until they blush.
2. Massage (upward) with hand lotion or foot balm if your feet are dry. Use rubbing alcohol if they're moist.
3. Give yourself a pedicure. This does not mean just covering your toenails with polish. It means "manicuring" your toenails. That's right. File—or trim—them, straight across the top, according to podiatrists. Well, if you must curve them, we'll compromise and let you curve all but the big ones. But, they're too anxious to "ingrow" to take a chance on a curve with them.

Next, push back the cuticle with an orange stick. (Of course, you've cleaned your nails!) Now, the polish. This procedure is made easier by separating the toes with dabs of cotton.

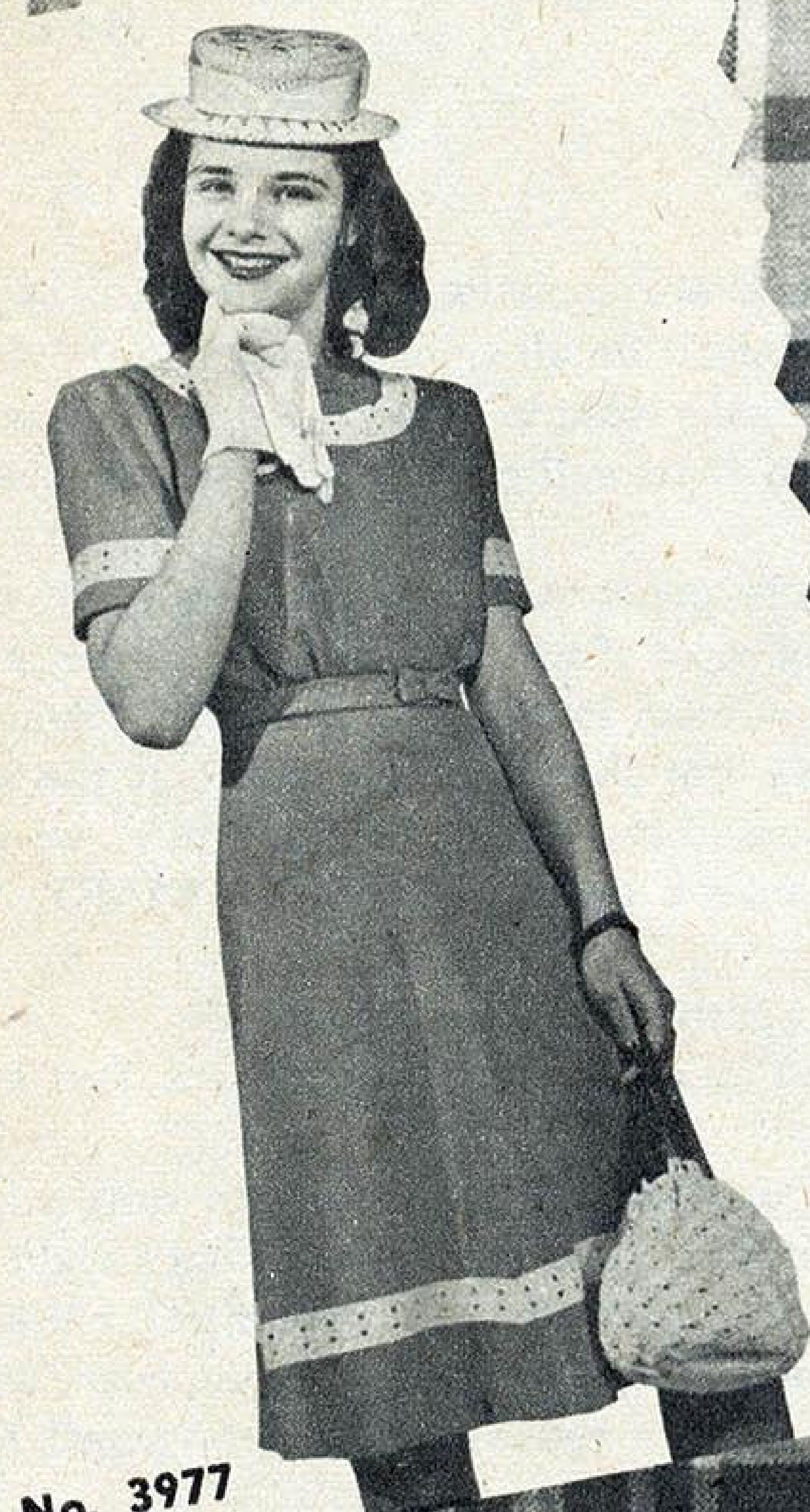
If you round the polish on the big toe it detracts from that flat-top look—that is, if you use colored polish on your toenails. We lean a little to the natural polish ourselves, with nail-white under the tip. If you do use colored polish, for goodness' sake, keep it up-to-date. Chipped toenail polish is just as disgusting to your summer Romeo from San Antonio, as chipped fingernail polish is to your favorite (*Continued on page* 49)



First, scrub your feet with a stiff brush 'til they blush . . . then follow through with a foot balm massage. They'll feel super and look it, too!



# PIN-UPS and CUT-UPS...



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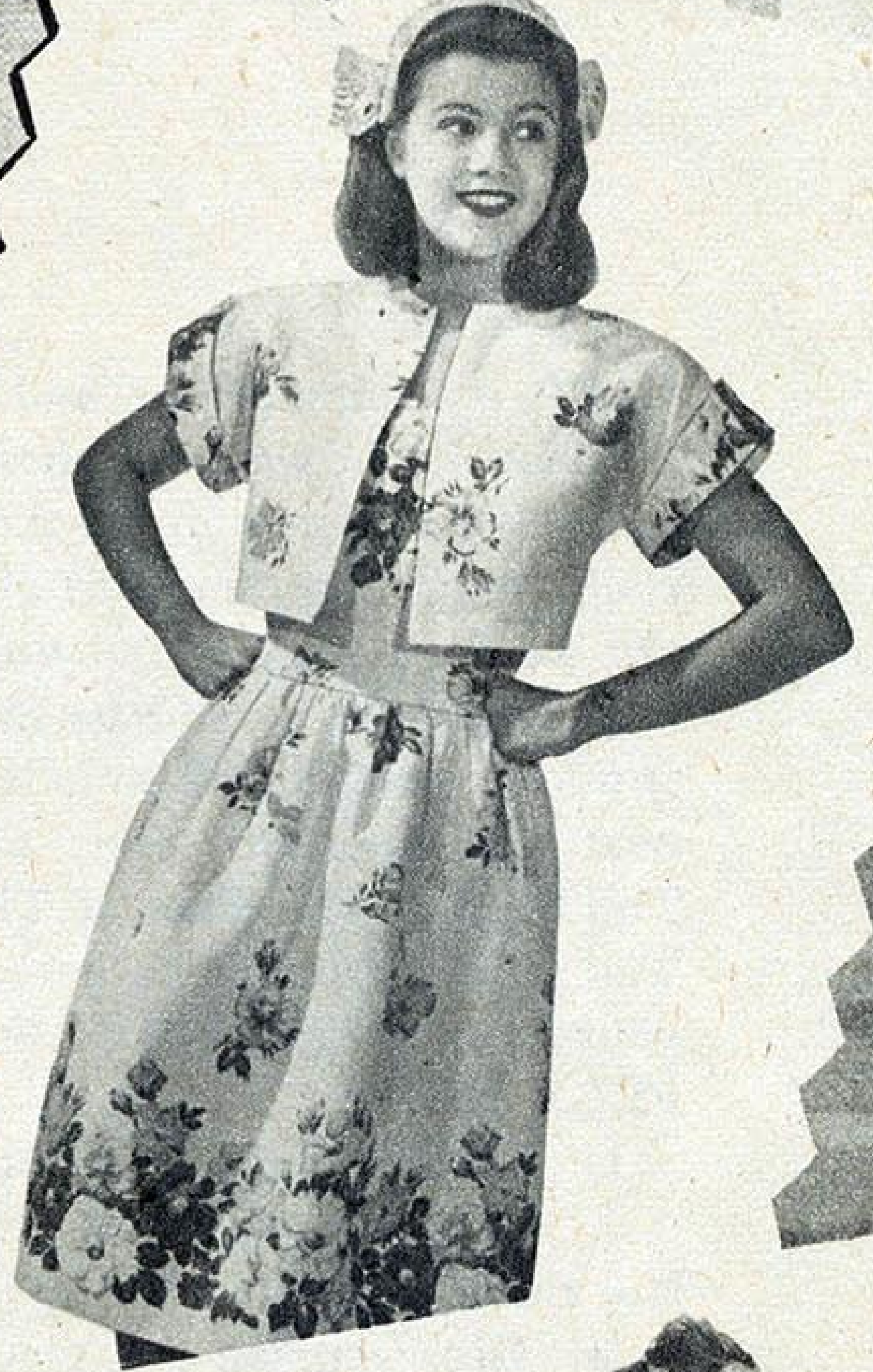

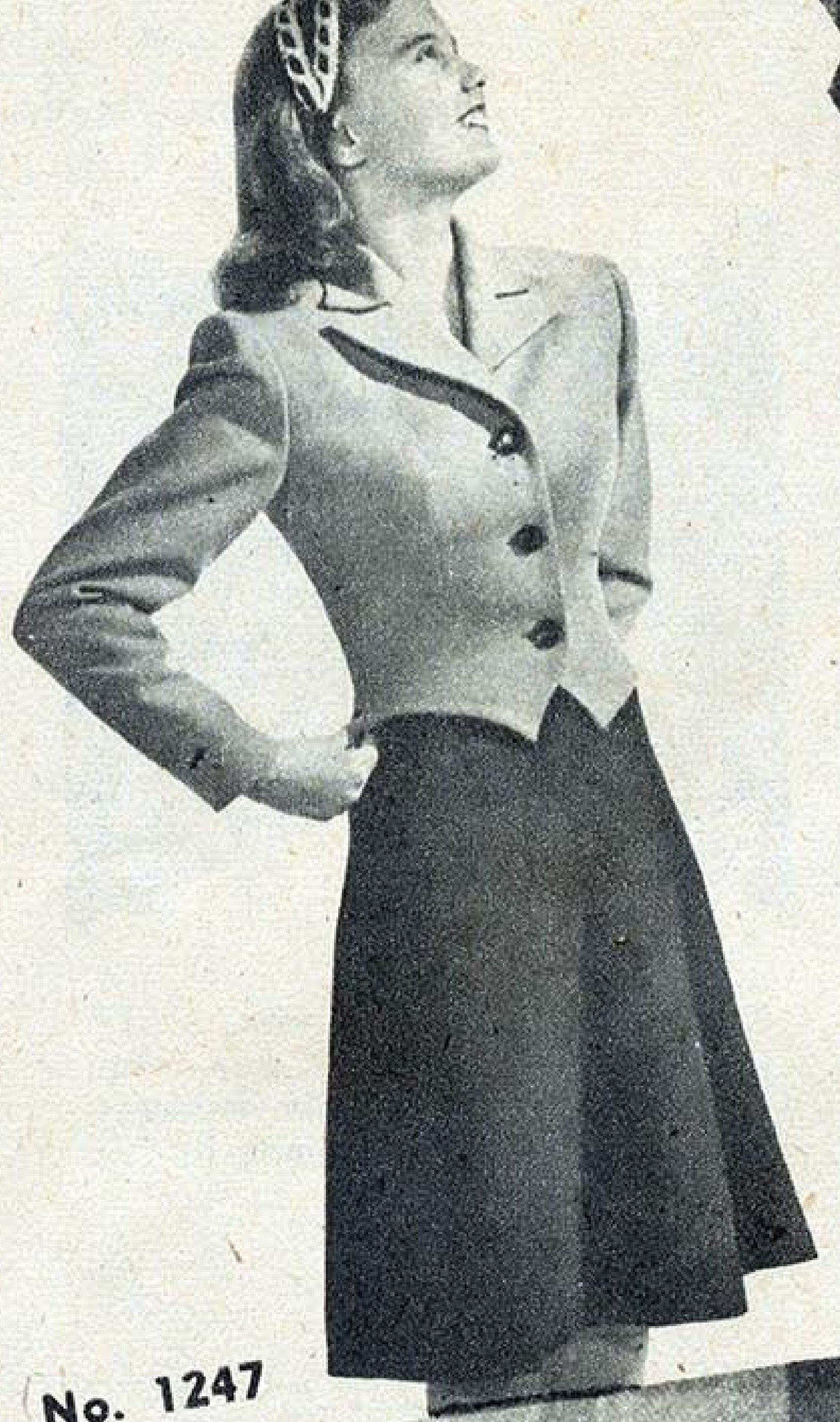

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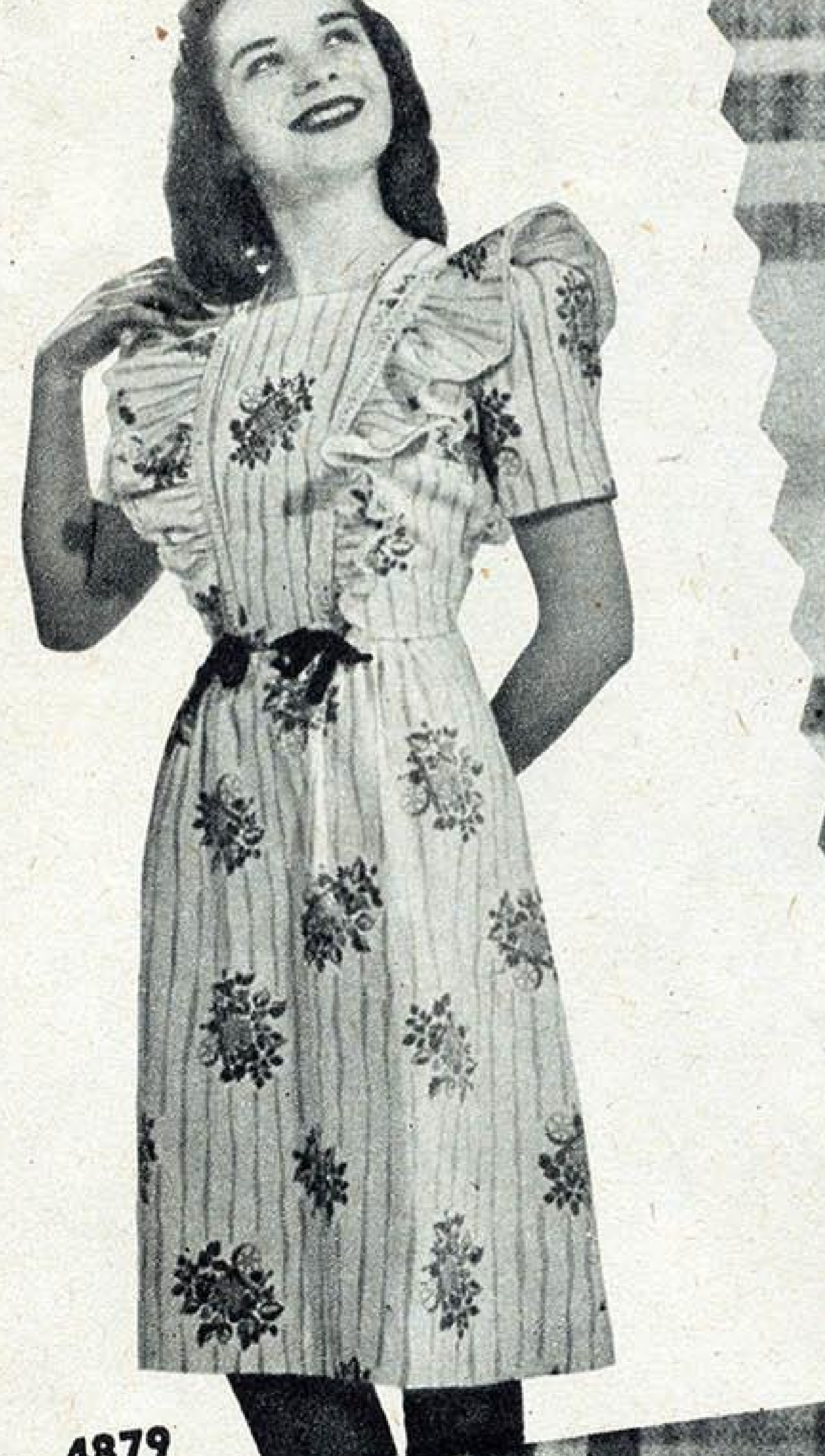

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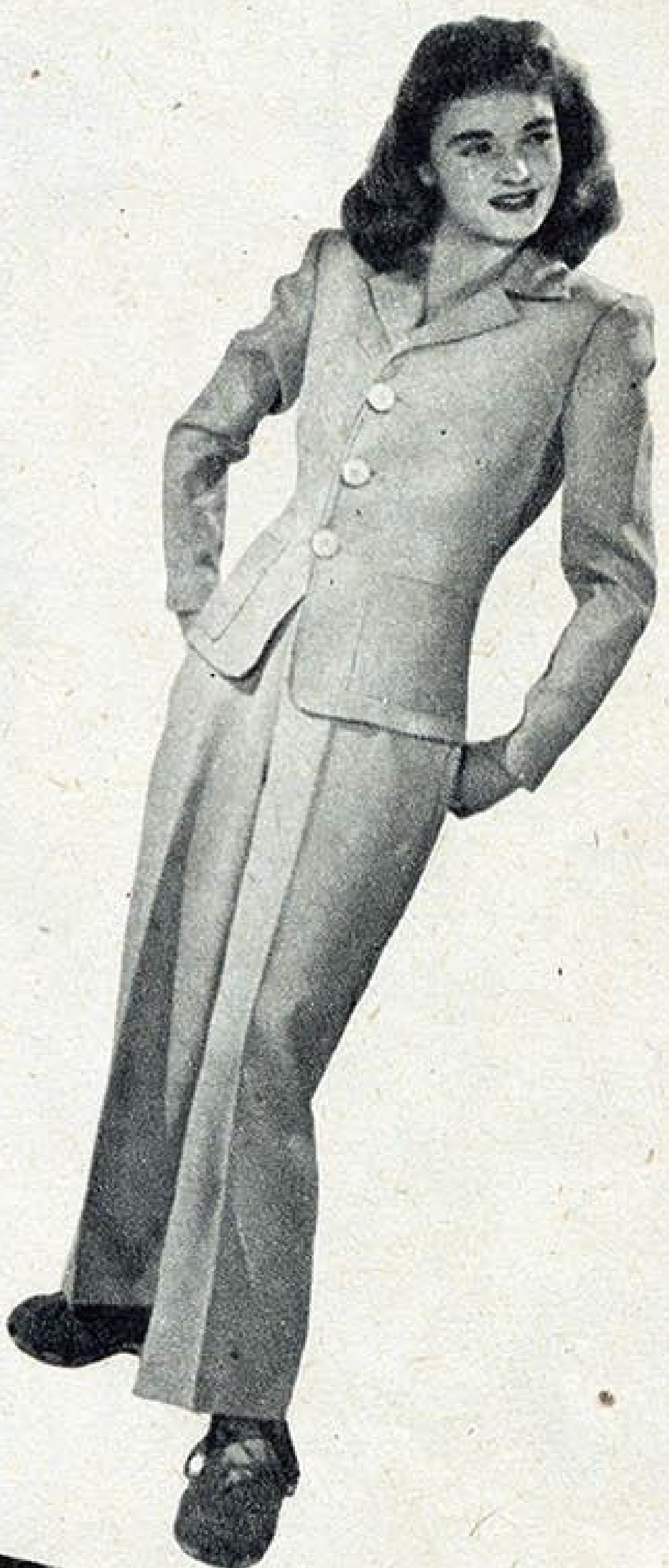
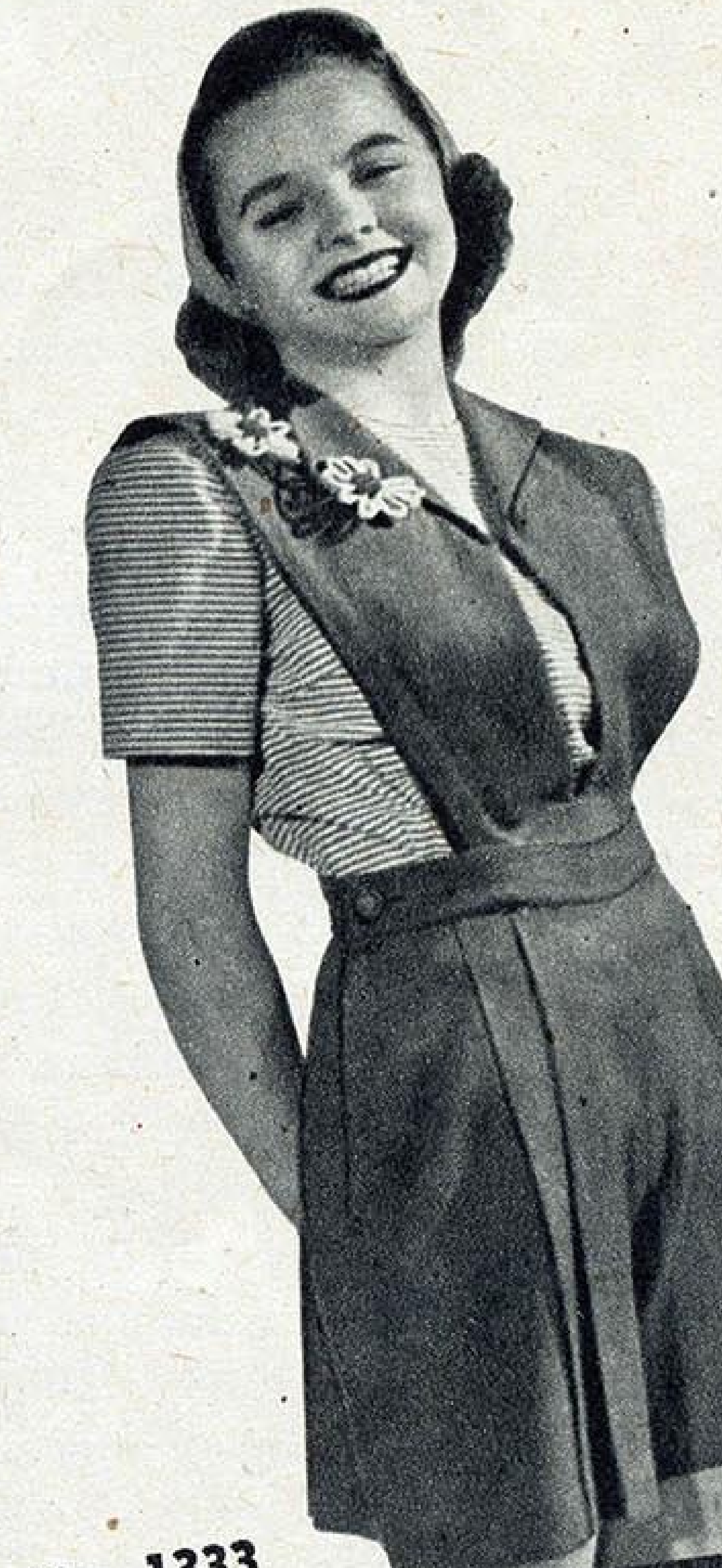




No. 1333

**These nifty numbers were shown at the MISS AMERICA PATTERN SHOW given at the City Center Casino, New York City, to demonstrate the darling things teens can make from patterns and instructions . . .**

For patterns wanted, print plainly your name and address, size and pattern number, and send with exact price to MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, Dept. P. D., Empire State Bldg., Room 1407, New York 1, N. Y.

Crochet and knitting instructions for accessories are free. Enclose with your request a plainly printed self-addressed, stamped, large envelope, and write to Dept. S.C., MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, Empire State Bldg., Room 1407, New York 1, N. Y.

**PATTERN NO. 3977** Sizes 10-16. Made of Check-O-File Wesco, Weil & Shoenfeld fabric. 25c
Accessories: P.C. 2993—Sissy Sailor
P.C. 2991—Drawstring Bag
P.C. 2978—Gloves

**PATTERN NO. 1304** Sizes 10-16. Made of waffle pique border print Dumari fabric. 15c
P.C. 2981—Dutchie Half-Hat

**PATTERN NO. 1247** Sizes 10-16. Made of gold and brown wool Cohama fabric. 15c
P.K. 2975—Gold and brown headband

**PATTERN NO. 4879** Sizes 10-16. Made of waffle pique print "soap 'n' water" Crown fabric. 15c
P.C. 2992—Halo Hat.

**PATTERN NO. 1011** Sizes 10-16. Made of denim blue Everfast fabric. 15c
P.K. 2974—Red Sandals.

**PATTERN NO. 1333** Sizes 10-16. Blouse made of seersucker; butcher linen for shorts. Roth fabrics. 15c.
P.C. 2977—Lapel Ornament.

On their way! These hikers set out on a shady country road for a day in the open.

# "Over Hill, Over Dale"

### By Sandra Shaw

WHY so glum, chum? Vexed because the war has come between you and a thrilling vacation? Actually, it hasn't. Not if you'd like to go hosteling.

What's hosteling? Generally speaking, it's a chunk of heaven. Specifically, it's traveling under your own steam—hiking, biking, boating, and horseback riding—over this broad wonderful land of ours. It's traveling at its best, meaning traveling at a minimum of expense, maximum of adventure, with the complete absence of headaches that come from worrying about gasoline coupons, train reservations, hotel accommodations, luggage and wardrobe.

A hosteling vacation means exploring new trails and old caves, inspecting the weather-beaten ruins of ancient shipwrecks, visiting wild-life sanctuaries, sugar camps, art museums, angora rabbit hutches college campuses, canning plants, old phosphate mines, and cypress gardens. It means snoozing in your own sleeping bag on a bunk in a New England farmhouse, a cot in a college dormitory in the deep South, or swinging in a hammock the long night through, at a lumber camp in the Pacific Northwest.

And the cost is one dollar plus your own energy, a day, for adventure, experience, happiness, and beauty, not to mention fun, food and lodging.

Does all this sound like a dream vacation? That's what two young school teachers, Isabel and Monroe Smith, thought about hosteling when they discovered it during a trip abroad, in the summer of 1932. The next year they opened the first American Youth Hostel at (*Continued on page* 52)

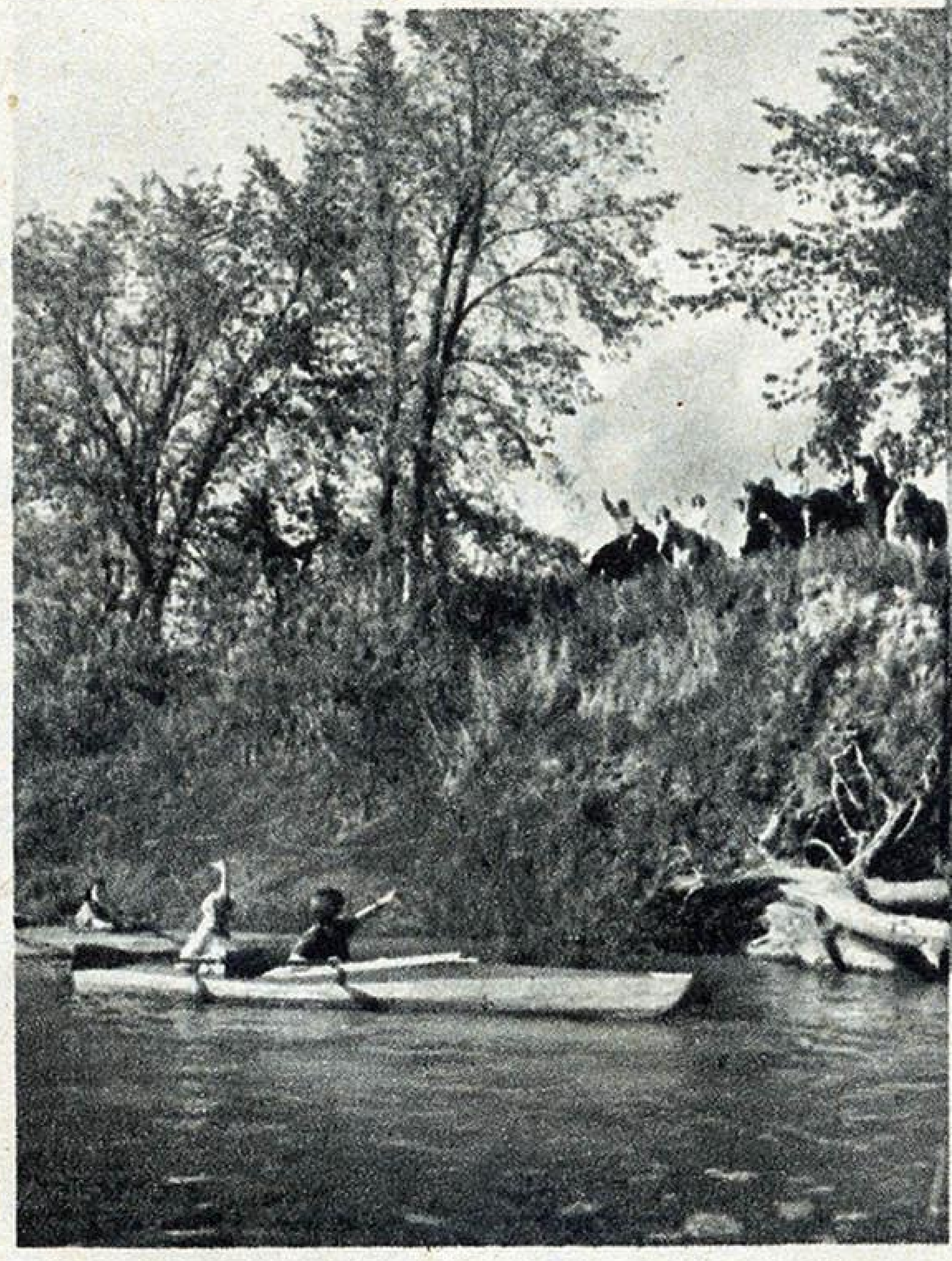
War conditions won't fence you in this summer if you hit the road in American Youth Hostel style. You can head into the open air, enjoying low-cost hostel hospitality along your way. And here's how!

Farming is fun! Here a hostel group prepares a field for ploughing. It's patriotic and healthful work, and a wonderful way to shed extra pounds.

Hostelers in a mood for food start a busy day with a good breakfast. There's plenty of energy in this wholesome food.

The guests in a girls' bunkroom make full use of a hostel's primping place to refresh themselves before they set off.

Two explorers discover the White Mountains of New Hampshire. And model the correct dress for hostel vacations.



Summer sports make a hostel vacation happy, healthy, and full of memories when the summer is gone. Riding and canoeing are always very popular.

Merrily these teenagers roll along—toward new places, new faces—and the nighttime shelter of another American Youth Hostel. Happy hosteling!

Approved by
MISS AMERICA
magazine

**JAMES McCREERY & CO**
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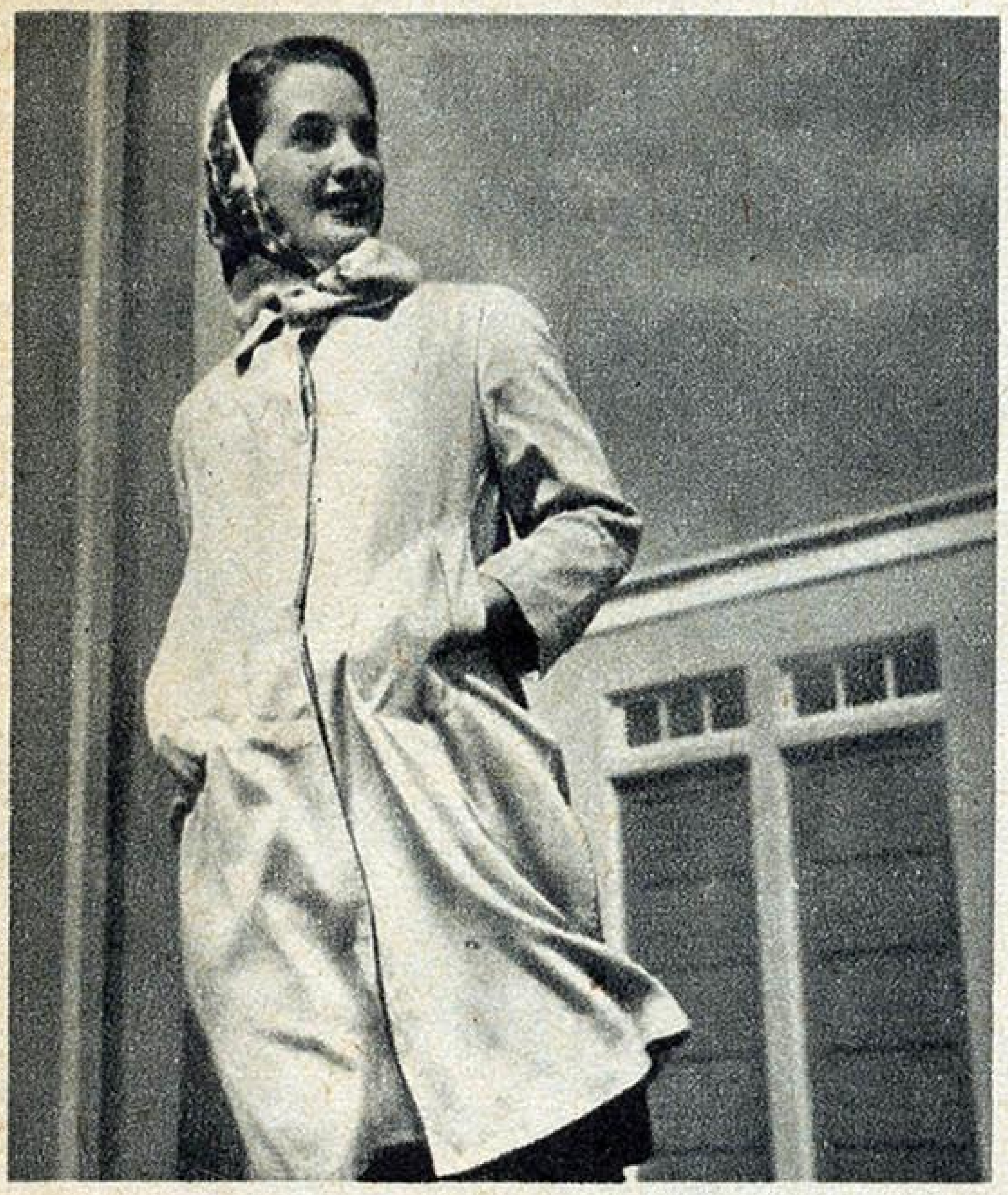
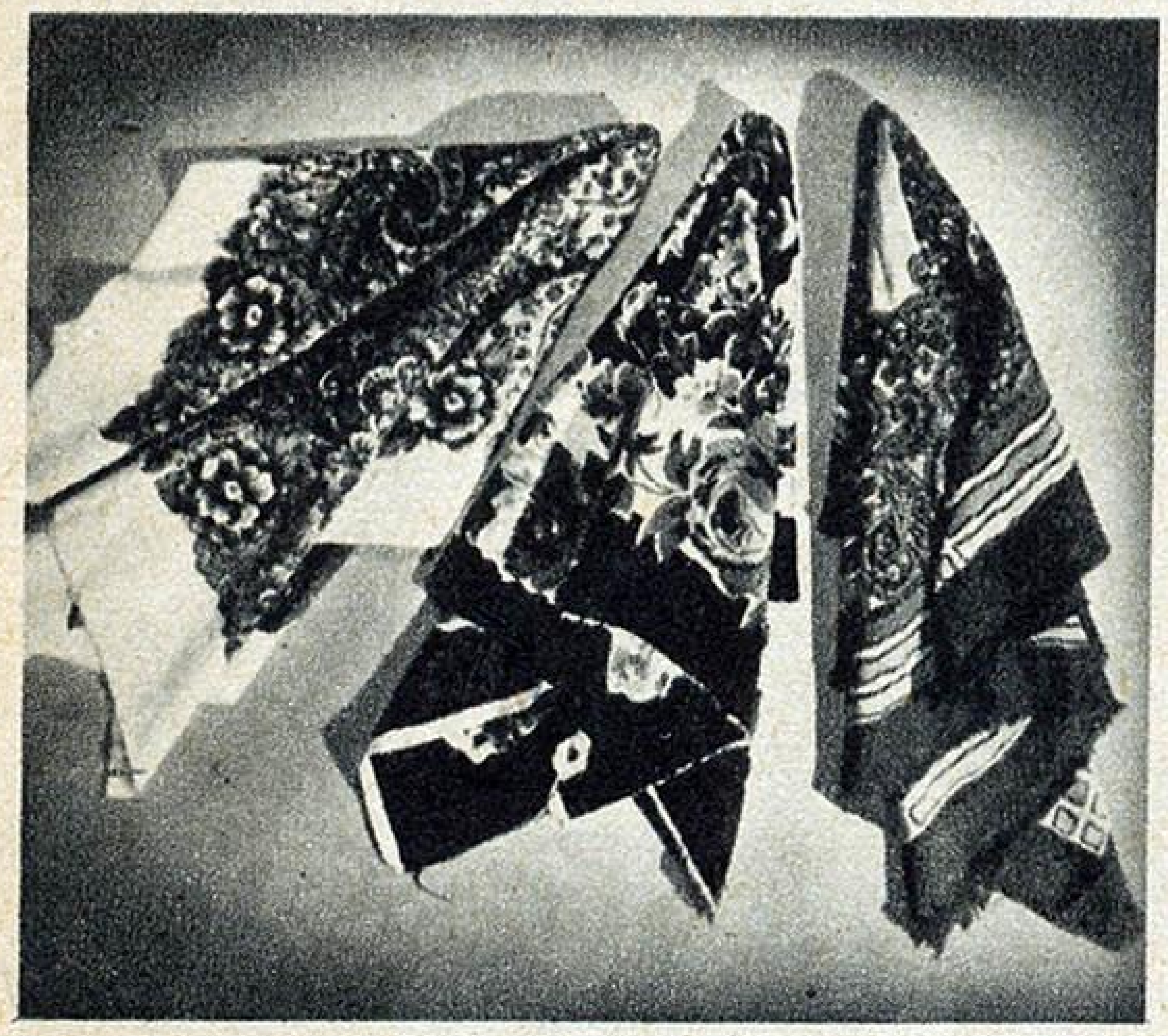


Let it rain, let it pour—as long as you have a smart slicker to keep you all shower-proofed and cosy. Has sport collar, deep, roomy pockets and fly-front buttoning. Made of gabardine with striking plaid lining. Sizes 10-16. $6.98.

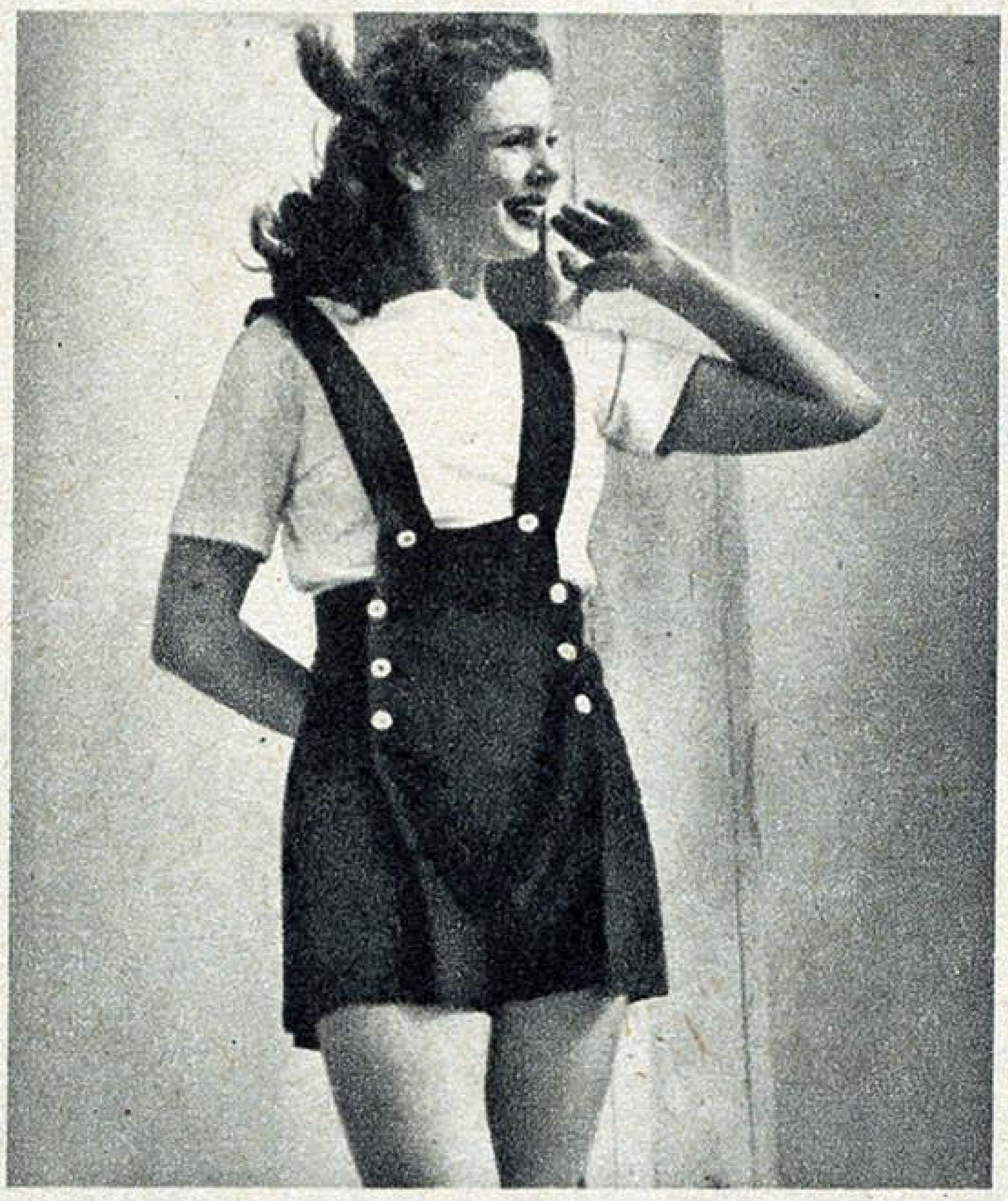


Have an bandana! Elegantly splashed with the most colorful designs! Squares, you know, are a teen's most versatile accessory. Wear them Babushka style, as neckerchiefs, in a clever sash drape, or belted through the loops of slacks! $1.00.

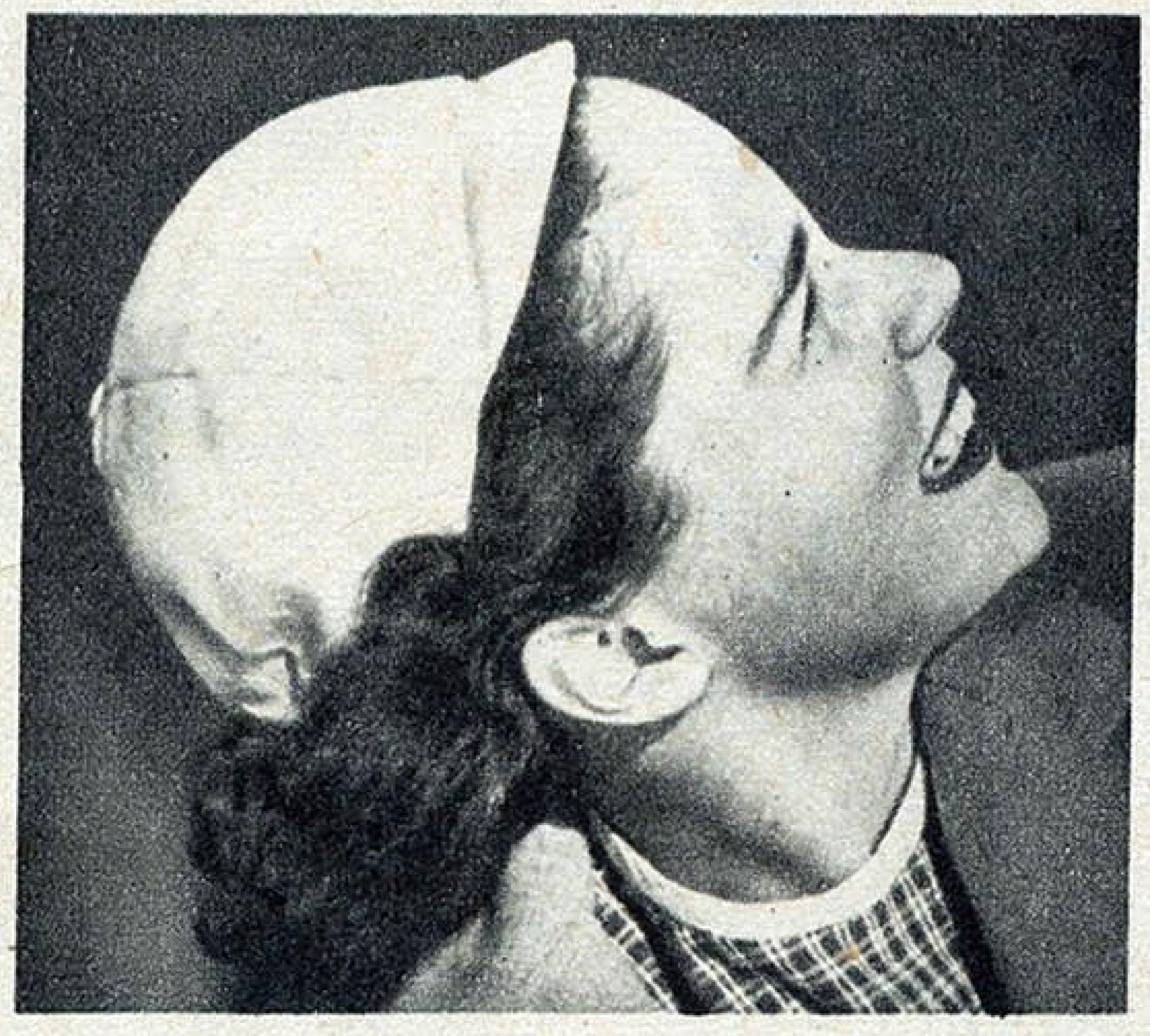
It's time for another round of shopping—so here goes with more of Bernice's bright-idea items, budget-priced and "sharp" as spice!

*by Bernice*

## SAKS-34TH
BROADWAY AND 34TH ST., N. Y. 1 • LA. 4-7000

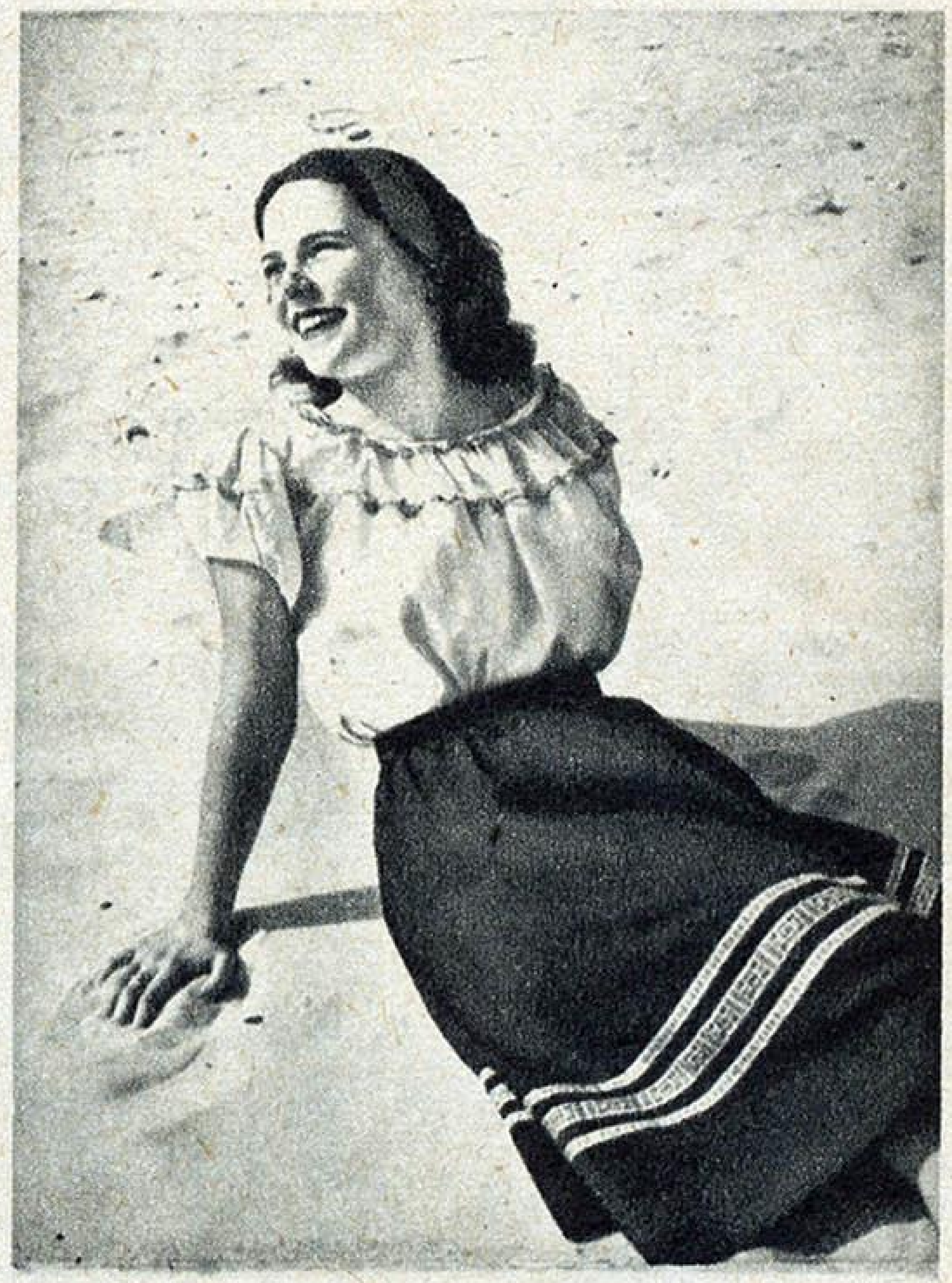


Shorts that sport suspenders, are equally at home at seashore or mountain resorts. The button trim lends a gay note, and there's a little pleat for just-right fullness. These are gabardine, in red, navy, copen and white. Sizes 10-16. $2.98.



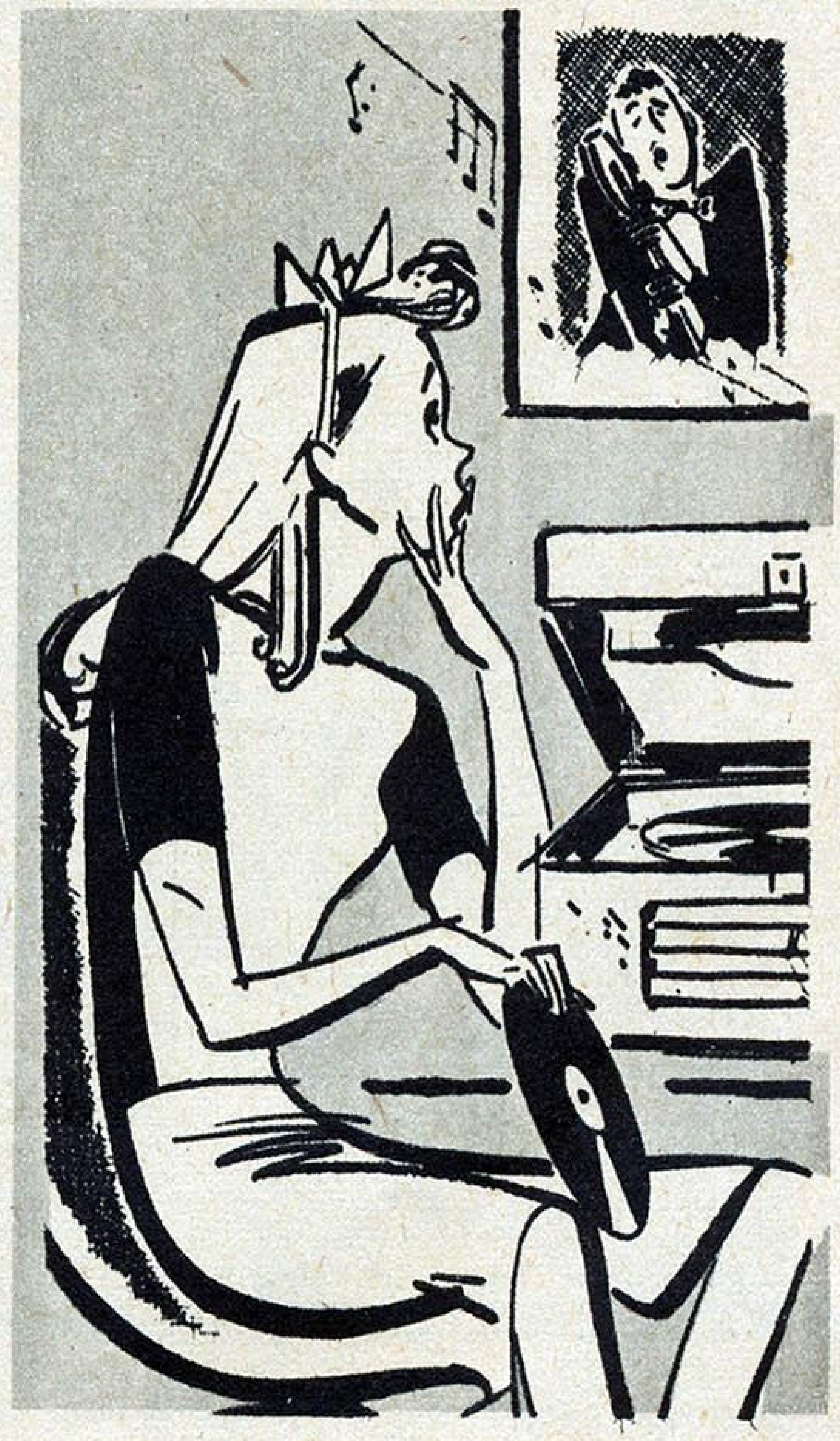
All the kids are wearing the new Eton cap. You can individualize yours by sewing your initials or your school or club emblem on. It's tricky and trim and looks well on you and you and you! Red, navy or white. Small, medium or large. $1.00.

## ABRAHAM & STRAUS
FULTON ST. at HOYT • BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK



Tubable cotton makes this darling white peasant blouse a very useful item. It has a dainty multi-colored trim. $2.98. Wear it with an adorable dirndl skirt of Luana cloth in navy or red, appliquéd with colorful braiding. $3.98. Sizes 10-16.

## Bloomingdale's
Lexington at 59th Street



A teen's wardrobe needs a Dee Gee polo shirt to wear with sport skirts or shorts. This one's doubly smart in two-color combinations: Copen and navy; tomato red and navy; maize and brown; aqua and brown. $1.59. Small, medium, large.

## YOUR FEET

From page 43

gin-rummy partner.

Pedicures take so little time and they give you that final super-smooth touch. Why not make it a habit to give yourself a pedicure every time you manicure your nails?

Of course, to have really beautiful feet you'll have to get rid of those ugly callouses. Mother might show you one of her home remedies but the best way to chase the bumps is to go to a podiatrist. He'll probably charge you a dollar or two, but it will be worth it IF you refuse to let the callouses return.

How to do this? Simple. (Oh, oh—here we go about The Proper *Care*!) You can prevent your callouses from returning as easily as you can toss your old moccasins into the trash can—which is exactly what we suggest. We know, we know, they're your friends. Well, never fear, we aren't about to tell you that you shouldn't wear moccasins. We aren't even going to tell you to wear moccasins one day and oxfords the next. But we are telling you that if you want good-looking, good-feeling feet, you must wear good-looking, good-feeling moccasins. Moccasins with welt soles. A shoe with a welt sole is one with an extra piece of leather between the upper leather and the sole. This acts as a shock-absorber to protect you when you walk on hard surfaces and prevents your feet from toughening up in the form of callouses. If you have callouses now, and you wear moccasins, you may be sure of one of two things; either, you are wearing shoes with fiber or paper insoles, or, your moccasins don't fit properly. Both can be remedied with a new pair of good-fitting, welt-soled moccasins.

There you have it. You can let your feet show and be proud of them—if you:

1. Give them a good pedicure.
2. Acquire the pedicure habit.
3. Remove your callouses.
4. Wear the prescribed moccasins.

So go to it, treat your feet, reet!

Are you in the know?

**What would you do about this back view?**

☐ *Wear a shawl*
☐ *Go informally*
☐ *Make up the difference*

If *your* swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

**Yes, now there's a deodorant** safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.

**Is the pattern of this sport jacket a—**

☐ *Gun Club Check*
☐ *Glen Plaid*
☐ *Herringbone*

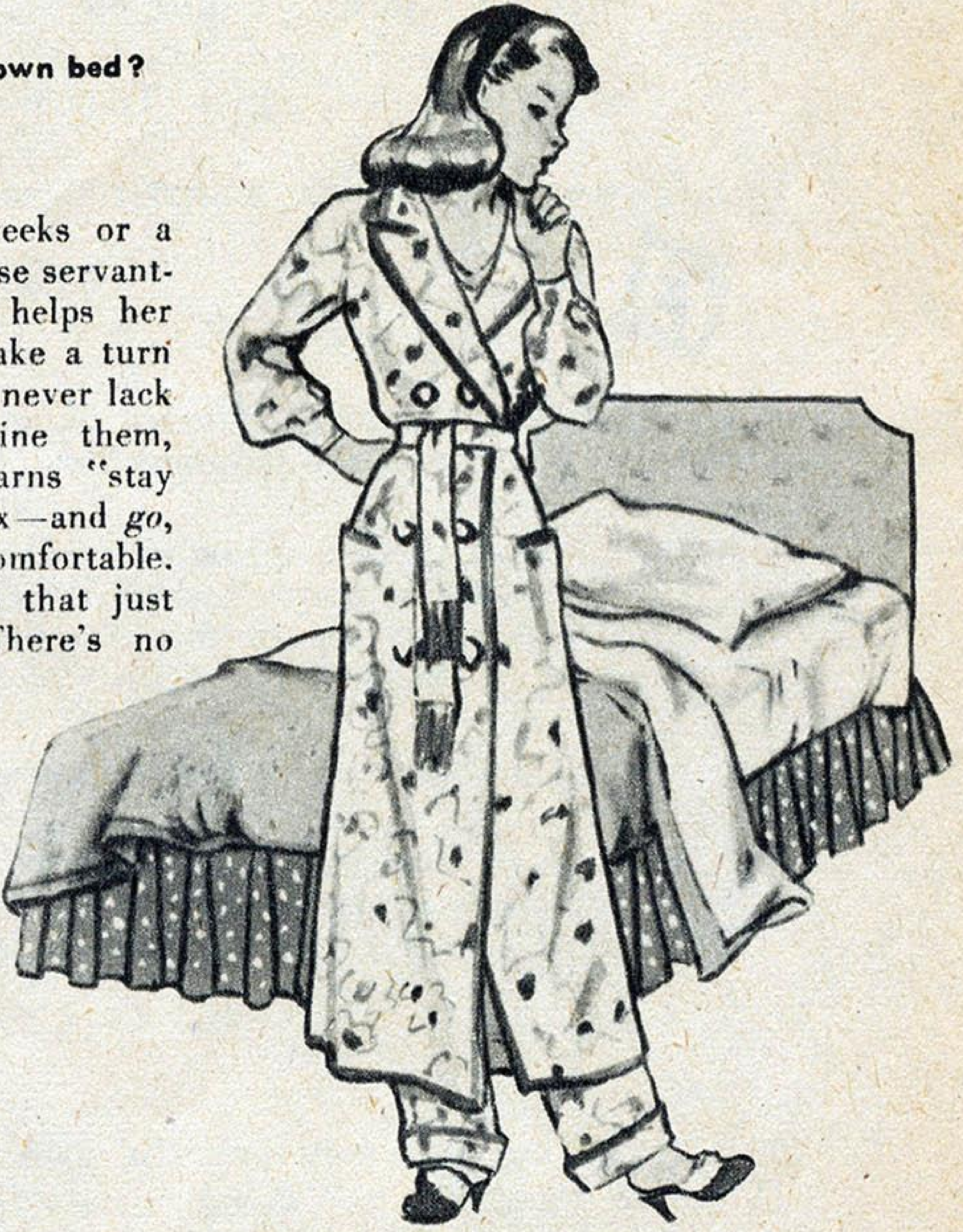
Notice your date's new duds! He's probably duked up just for you. So if his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the confidence that Kotex sanitary napkins give. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And you get *extra* protection with that patented *safety center* of Kotex!

**Should a house-guest make her own bed?**

☐ *Yes*
☐ *No*

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is *yes*, these servantless days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and *go*, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex is the napkin that actually *stays soft while wearing!*

**Now—A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin**



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SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
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More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins put together

# Debunking Your Pet Superstitions . . .

## You're a dope if you believe . . .

That it is good luck to carry a rabbit's foot. *(It certainly isn't good luck for the rabbit!)*

That if you make a wish when you see a stack of hay and a white horse it will come true.

That if you step on a crack in the sidewalk where the pieces of pavement are joined, you will have bad luck.

That if you turn up the ace of spades first, in cutting a pack of cards, you will hear of a death.

That if a black cat crosses your path something dire will happen.

That three cigarettes lighted with the same match will bring on certain death to one of the three concerned.

That walking under a ladder bodes ill. *(It does indeed, if there happens to be a pail of paint on top of the ladder and it falls on you!)*

That it is bad luck to touch anything black on Friday, the thirteenth.

That no good will come of passing another person on a stairway. *(If this were observed in the subway, nobody would get anywhere during rush hours!)*

That the hooting of an owl precedes some disastrous event.

That a picture falling off the wall bodes ill.

That whistling in the dressing room of a theater means the show will close.

That thirteen is an unlucky number. That a broken mirror means seven years of bad luck.

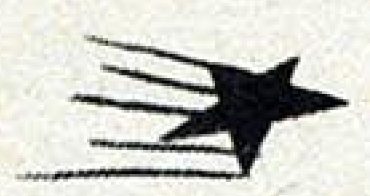
That if you make a wish when you eat fruit or vegetables for the first time in any particular season, it will come true.

That if you say, "ladybug, ladybug, fly away home—your house is on fire—the children will burn" and the ladybug flies away, you'll get your wish.

That if you speak exactly the same words as the person with whom you are having a conversation, it will bring you your wish if you immediately place your thumb on the thumb of your companion, each of you saying the name of an author, such as Shakespeare, and Milton, and something simply wonderful will happen to you both.

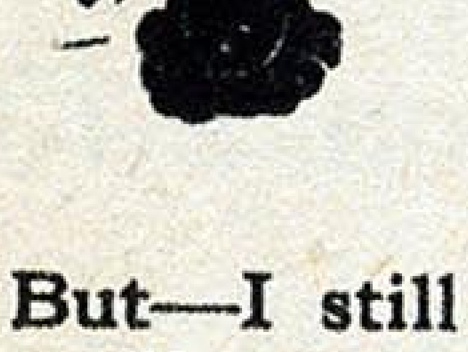
That to rub the hump on a deformed person's back will bring you luck.

That when you see a shooting star it means somebody had died some where in the world. *(That is probably true, that somebody has died, but it isn't because you saw the shooting star, or because the star fell.)*



That all good things come in threes.

That if you put an open umbrella over your head indoors beware of ill fortune. *(One sure thing, it's not going to rain indoors, so perhaps, the uselessness of the jesture has given it a 'black eye'.)*



That if you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper. *(Maybe the neighbors will cry, if they don't care for early morning singing.)*

But—I still like to believe that when you wish on the first star of the evening your wish will come true!

# NO MORE WIENERS

*From page 13*

was right behind me, breathing down my neck, and I didn't want to back on her feet. I mean, I was afraid she might have corns, and they are supposed to be very painful.

By this time, I was giving references, the name of our school principal, Mr. Kirk, and my home room teacher, Miss Pringle—and I certainly couldn't imagine why I ever thought I wanted that crazy dress in the window. I mean, I asked myself girl to girl, was it worth it?

What has this got to do with wieners—well, I'm telling you! My goodness, Sue! Well, I was standing there, all dewy-browed, when finally the queen stood up impressively, extended a white hand across the mahogany—and actually smiled.

"We are veree happee to welcome you to our *salon,* mam'selle," she said.

I stuck out a shaky hand, clutched her fingers for a clammy second and murmured, "Thank you." I had passed the test apparently. They had accepted my credentials—now maybe the princess would let me see the dress in the window.

"You weel report nex' Saturday morneeng at ni-ine o'clock," the queen continued, still smiling. "Your hours weel be from ni-ine to fi-ive thirtee."

"My—hours!" I gasped.

She was all teeth and twinkle. "We're hiring you, yes? *Mais oui.*"

*Mais oui,* indeed! "B-but I—I only came in because in the window—"

The princess spoke up behind me. "You have see our 'Help Wanted' sign."

"Ordinaire," said the queen, "we do not take someone weethout more experience, but—"

"Look," I said desperately. "I didn't even notice any sign in your window. I—I only came in because—well, because I wanted to inquire about that cute red dress in the window—"

The smiles died from the faces of the queen and the princess. Sue, it was pathetic. It was just as if I'd taken an eraser and rubbed them out. They looked awfully haggard, sort of, and disillusioned. I mean, I was touched. It is hard to get help now and—Sue, I *am* getting on with it. My goodness!

"M-mam'selle weeshes the red dress?" the princess asked.

"Well, I—"

"But of course! Such a foolish meestook—so sorry."

But, oh, Sue! That dress—it was even nicer close up than in the window. She helped me into it. The way it fit! I was born for it. I thought of the Junior Prom and Sandy asking me, maybe.

I just couldn't believe it was me—plain Babs Brown. The princess kept weaving back and forth, stepping forward, then retreating, whirling and gesturing, making canary noises — you know, like someone from the chorus of an operetta.

"Eet ees deevine," she drooled.

She was telling me! I swear, Sue, in that dress, my mouth doesn't even look too generous. And my eyes change to a sort of mermaid green color, honestly!

In a dream, I said I would take it. Before I realized I hadn't even the faintest idea how much it was.

Well, when she told me, Sue! My goodness, my poor little allowance wouldn't even pay for one sleeve. So—well, Sue—I had to take that job, after all. I mean, I practically clutched at it, babbling I had changed my mind. I know it sounds crazy, Sue. But I had to. Wait'll you see the dress. You'll think it's worth sacrificing a few wieners for.

How many Saturdays? Well, for several months, I guess, the way I have it figured up. Of course, it will keep me tied down weekends, sort of, but my goodness, the least we teeners can do, I say, is sort of help out on the home front. I mean, don't you think it's the patriotic thing to do?

**full-blown roses**

by Coro

Lush roses—cataclysmic,—of smartly translucent plastic. The large bloom on a comb, a pair—to look so pretty in your lovely hair. The pins, of course, for the girl who knows—glamorous touches for her clothes. Wonderful whistle bait, dress-up for a date! In red, pink and yellow.

**$1.00** a pair
plus Federal Tax

* PLASTIC

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**Teens by Coro** New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • Toronto

# OVER HILL, OVER DALE

From page 47

Northfield, Massachusetts. The idea caught on. By 1935, they had chartered 35 hostels. And by 1944, the number had grown to something like 300. And the movement is still growing.

Interested? Good. Here's how you go about joining the American Youth Hostel and preparing for your first trip.

First off, choose about eight girl friends with whom you'd like to share this new experience. Next, select your leader, and after that, decide on the length of your trip and the transportation you'll be using. The ideal leader is anyone old enough to be considered a chaperone and young enough to be fun. Actually there's no restriction on the number of older folks who can go along. The "youth" in AYH stands for spirit, not age group.

The ideal vacation trip is a two-weeker. And the ideal transportation is the bicycle. (AYH reports that 83 percent of all hosteling is done on two wheels.)

This done, the ten of you (leader, eight chums, and yourself) chip in fifty cents apiece and send the $5 to the American Youth Headquarters, Northfield, Massachusetts for your AYH blue (group) pass.

With the preliminaries out of the way, you sit back and relax, (if you can), until the postman brings you an envelope containing your blue AYH pass and a copy of *Knapsack*, the AYH handbook.

Browsing through *Knapsack* will give you a thrill, for outlined in this illustrated handbook are scores of hostel-studded trails you're free to follow, as well as descriptions of the main points of historic interest on and off each trail and information about riding academies, swimming holes (and pools), boat houses, recreation halls, groceries, theatres, railroads—just in case you turn sissy—and churches along the way. Most important, *Knapsack* shows the location of the hostels where you'll be bunking and the distances between them.

After that, all you have to do is to decide when you're leaving and how long you'll be staying at each hostel on the trail. AYH rules limit your stay to three nights per hostel unless you've been granted permission by the houseparents to stay a little longer in order to help out with the farm crops (for which you'll be paid) or to contribute some of your time, energy, and skill toward improving the comfort or appearance of the hostels for AYH members who come after you.

What to take with you on your trip will be no problem to you. Naturally, you'll carry your pass and your sleeping bag with you at all times. In addition to those, you'll need your *Knapsack*, a plate, cup, (tin, if you like), knife, fork, and spoon. It would be a good idea for one of you to bring along a bicycle repair kit and a first-aid kit.

As for clothes, you can forget them—almost. The well-dressed hosteler is clad for comfort.

Well, comes the day and you're off. If you must begin with a train ride it won't seem too important. You're anxious to get the ride over with and de-train so that you can get on your bikes and start pedalling to the hostel. It's quite a ride—12 miles, say—and just as you reach your destination the sun is going down and you're delightfully tired, expectant, and, of course, hungry. Here's where your leader takes over, presents your pass to the smiling houseparents and pays the established charges of twenty-five cents per person for a night's lodging, plus a cooking fuel charge of five or ten cents apiece.

". . . but Mary, that's not the way to dress for a scavenger hunt!

Preparation of meals will be no trouble at all. For one thing, cooking facilities will be furnished you, along with suitable cooking utensils. For another, as you will have discovered by reading *Knapsack*—most farmer houseparents will be glad to sell you at low cost such body-building staples as milk, butter, eggs, fruits, and vegetables galore.

Your first meal will be simple but solid fare, comprising hot dogs, corn on the cob, lettuce and mayonnaise salad, bananas, and milk. Just before you reach for the salt you'll want to sing the hosteler's favorite grace:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him where e'er our footsteps go,
And may our joy and happiness
In comradeship all others bless."

And you'll mean it with all your heart.

After you've washed the dishes and tidied up the kitchen for the next hostelers you may join fellow-hostelers in conversation, sitting on a big country porch or around a campfire, or possibly trudging down the road to some recreation hall. The evening is yours 'til ten o'clock when you hit the sleep-sack and let the Sandman take over.

And so you set out on your way again—destination: Adventure. Day after day, on and on, meeting other hostelers, exploring countryside, seeing new places, seeing new faces!

**IMPORTANT!**

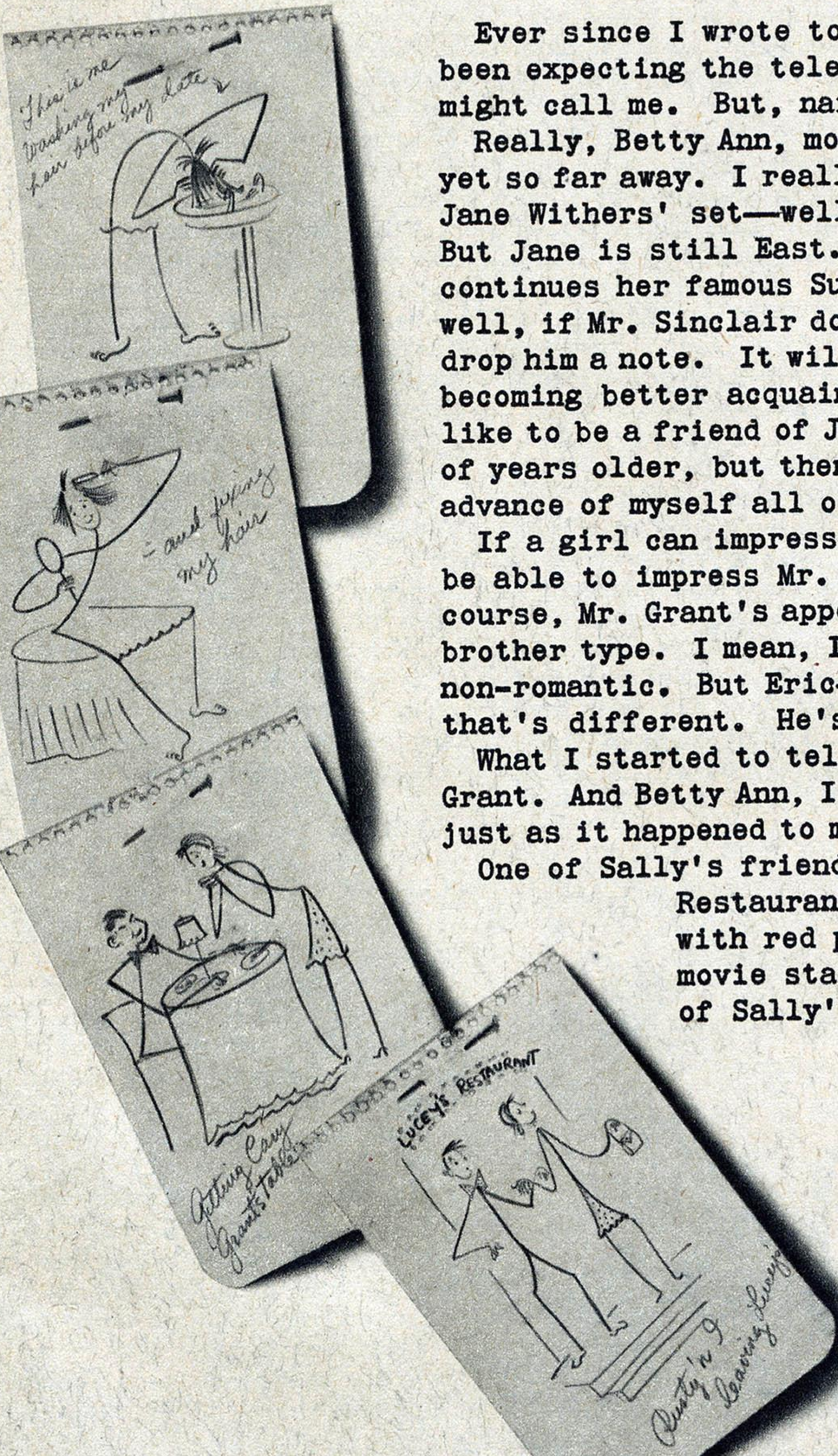
**The next issue (September) will *not be* on sale until August 7th.**

***Please remember and reserve your Copy now.***

# VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

June 17, 1945
Hollywood, Calif.

## *Dear Betty Ann—*


This is me washing my hair before my date
—and fixing my hair
Getting Cary Grant's table
LUCEY'S RESTAURANT
Rusty 'n I leaving Lucey's

Ever since I wrote to you about Eric Sinclair I have been expecting the telephone to jingle. I mean, that he might call me. But, nary a word.

Really, Betty Ann, movie stars can be so close, and yet so far away. I really had expected to be right in Jane Withers' set—well, I had hoped, as you remember. But Jane is still East. When she comes home and continues her famous Sunday afternoon swim parties, well, if Mr. Sinclair doesn't remember to invite me, I'll drop him a note. It will be worth it, I am sure. Besides becoming better acquainted with Mr. Sinclair, I would like to be a friend of Jane's. Of course, she's a couple of years older, but then I really think two years in advance of myself all of the time.

If a girl can impress Cary Grant, well, she should be able to impress Mr. Sinclair, don't you think? Of course, Mr. Grant's appeal for me is strictly the elderly brother type. I mean, I think of him in terms strictly non-romantic. But Eric—I mean Mr. Sinclair, well, that's different. He's more our age.

What I started to tell you was about my impressing Mr. Grant. And Betty Ann, I am telling you the honest truth, just as it happened to me, and to him.

One of Sally's friends lives over near Lucey's Restaurant. That is a swanky Italian place with red plush seats at the tables, and movie stars sitting on them. This friend of Sally's, Lenora

(Continued on page 54)

**Hollywood High's popular sub-deb—and we do mean Victoria Allen Dunford—gives a vivid word picture of her latest activities to her chum, Betty Ann . . . And what activities . . .**

# BETTY ANN

*From page 53*

Smith, said that you could always see the Alan Ladds coming in or going out of Lucey's any Friday night. They have dinner and then go to the fights at the Stadium.

So I decided that on Friday night I was going to get Rusty to invite me to dinner at Lucey's, so I could not only see Alan Ladd, but I could also experience how it feels sitting and dining near Laddie.

I broached the matter to Rusty very carefully about the fact that I would like to go out to dinner on Friday night.

"What's the matter? Isn't your mother going to be home to cook dinner?" he asked. Now, isn't that just like Rusty? Men are so difficult. Sometimes I wonder if he is really my type. But never breathe that, Betty Ann, because Rusty truly is the rave of Hollywood High.

"Of course, Mother is cooking dinner," I said. "But that doesn't mean that I have to be there. I think it would be very nice to dine out, don't you?"

"Not if Mom is making apple pie at home. Friday's the night she always makes apple pie."

"Rusty," I asked, "didn't you ever take a girl out to dinner?"

And Betts, just to show you how juvenile a football hero can be, Rusty said no, that he hadn't. I was astonished. (Confidentially, Betts, I haven't been out to dinner with a boy, either.)

I decided it was about time that Rusty began to acquire some of the cultural aspects of social life. So I came right out and said very nicely, using my low Lauren Bacall voice, with a sweep up of my eyes, "Rusty, would you like to take me out to dinner on Friday night?"

"Well, gosh, Vicky," he replied. "I don't know. What's the matter with eating dinner at home and then I'll take you to a movie, and then a soda?"

Then, Betty Ann, he suggested that maybe he could ask his mother to invite me to their house for dinner, since it was apple pie night!

I finally explained that I thought a boy and a girl should go out for dinner once in a while. So Rusty consented.

"Say, I know a place, the Silver Slipper. You can get fried chicken for seventy-five cents."

Of course that wasn't what I wanted at all, but at least it was a start. So I said, "There's a cute little Italian place where we can get spaghetti called Lucey's. How about that?"

"Sure, it's all right by me," Rusty said.

Friday night I was in a dither getting ready for our date. And I was scared, because Lenora had said that Lucey's was very expensive. So I was taking a couple of dollars along just in case. Just in case the bill was too big and Rusty might not have enough money.

I was a little scared when we walked into Lucey's. I hadn't exactly prepared Rusty for its elegance. And when he saw Randolph Scott and Bing Crosby and Cary Grant sitting at tables having their dinner, well, Rusty almost walked us out.

"Gosh, this isn't any little Italian cafe, Vicky," he said. "This joint must be expensive."

The waiter came over and said, "Have you a reservation?"

Before Rusty could answer, I said, "We phoned earlier today."

"The name, please?" he said.

I was in a spot, and so I said quick-like, "Why, I come in here so often I don't think a reservation is necessary."

"I'm sorry, Miss, but I don't recall seeing you here before."

While I was trying to think of something, I looked over at Cary Grant, who was leaving his table. And I had a terrific idea. After all, I got Rusty into this, so I had to get him out.

I walked over and said: "Mr. Grant, since you are leaving, could we please have your table? You see, we haven't a reservation, and I asked my boy friend to bring me here, and I am afraid that we'll be very embarrassed and asked to leave if we can't get a table."

"Of course," Mr. Grant said.

Betts, he was wonderful, and introduced himself to Rusty in the friendliest way and spoke to the waiter. And there we were, Betts, at Cary Grant's ex-table!

When we saw the prices on the menu I thought Rusty would faint. But he was a gentleman—he didn't say a word. Except that: "Vicky, I think we had better settle for a plate of spaghetti and no dessert."

It was heaven sitting there in that terrific atmosphere, on a seat just vacated by Cary Grant. And looking over at Bing Crosby, who smiled at me, remembering, I think, the time I had seen him from the La Brea bus.

Well, we prolonged our plates of spaghetti from six until eight o'clock, and when there wasn't another excuse to sit there any longer we decided to leave. (I had so hoped to see Alan Ladd.)

"Doesn't Alan Ladd come in on Friday night?" I asked the doorman.

"Yes, he does," he replied. "He came in early tonight and gave me two passes to the fights. And to think I can't use them."

Maybe he read my mind, because he grinned and said: "Here, you kids, take them."

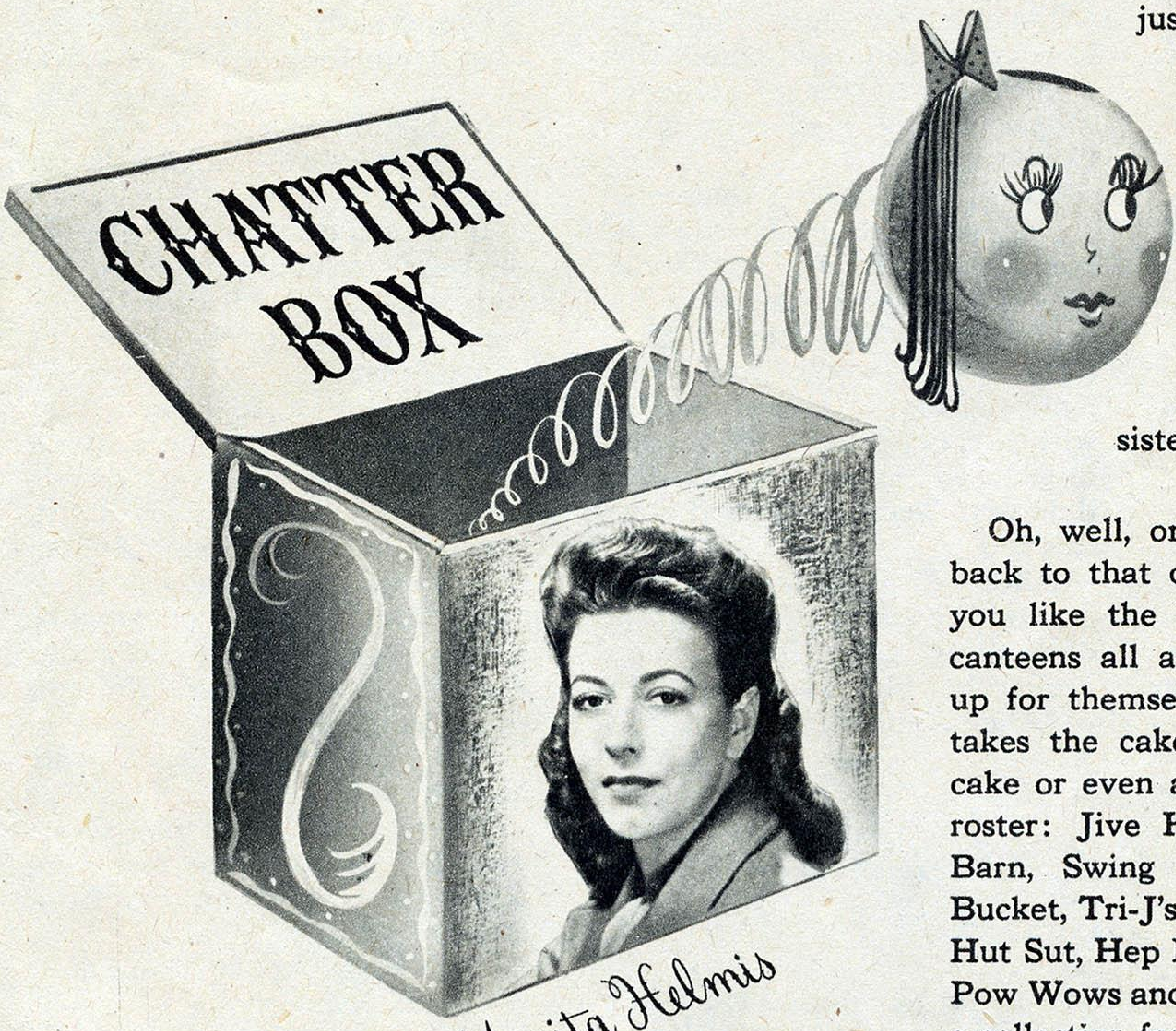
And, Betts, there we were, sitting two seats behind the Alan Ladds at the fights, and across the aisle was Cary Grant. He smiled at us, and of course I got his autograph and Laddie's during intermission, and it was just heavenly—but heavenly!

Rusty was pretty nice about the whole thing—taking me out to dinner—don't you think?

With love,
Victoria Allen Dunford

Gosh! It's no more fun pretending to drown with these women life guards!

Meet Merita, girls . . . You'll like her. Aside from being pretty and pleasant, Merita's got plenty of gray matter - and we do mean she's really "on the beam" . . . Her column is chockful of teenly, timely topics . . .



by Merita Helmis

HI, GIRLS! I'm new here. Just dropped in, and if you like me, I'll be happy to stick around. I guess I know more about you than you do about me, because I've been studying your ways and taking your side and speaking up for your rights for years now—ever since the days parents said, "Don't mind Susie, she's at the awkward age." Goodness, does your Mother still say that? Well, we'll have to do something about it. For, after all, your age isn't any more awkward than your Mothers'. You, at least, don't mind telling **YOUR** age, while Mother just smiles and changes the subject when **HER** age comes up. And, besides, one day you get that awkward age routine, and the next the entire household is starry-eyed because you're almost Sweet Sixteen. Honestly, you'd think people would be a little more consistent, wouldn't you?

* * *

Oh, well, on to other topics. We'll get back to that one someday soon. How do you like the breezy names that teen-age canteens all across the map are dreaming up for themselves? Indianapolis probably takes the cake—if anyone is handing out cake or even a few cookies. Listen to this roster: Jive Hive, Hep Kat Hall, Boogie Barn, Swing Haven, Susie's Boot, Buzz Bucket, Tri-J's, Strut Hut, Rhythm Rockers, Hut Sut, Hep Haven, Boogie Bucket, Peppy Pow Wows and Harmony Hall. Wow, that's a collection for you. Any town boast a better array? Write us a letter and we'll pass the news along via this column.

* * *

Before we get off the subject of canteens, have your efforts to locate a headquarters for your happy little horde been drawing a blank? No place to meet? No roof over the head of your faithful juke-box? A terrible predicament—but listen, you homeless ones, to how the Hi-Time Club of Portland, Oregon, acquired for itself a really fancy club-house. Of course, the bars on the windows weren't quite appropriate and the iron work inside did kind of break up the dance floor. But the old county jail *was* abandoned and just collecting cobwebs. It took some fast talking and (*Continued on page 66*)

From page 7

sat down again. Alice Ann opened her eyes.

"I think we've discovered a real genius," said Miss Richmond, beaming at Melissa. "Now, I have another surprise. The faculty has voted that the new poet laureate should read a special poem at the commencement exercises this year."

Alice Ann's eyes flew wide. Oh no! Not that—it was too much.

"I know Melissa will be delighted." Miss Richmond's voice sounded above the clapping. "It's a great honor."

Melissa up there in the big auditorium. Melissa looking very lovely, sounding very lovely—reading a very lovely poem.

What poem? The room around Alice Ann Brown turned upside down—then settled back with a dull thud. The bell rang. She rose with the others, skirted the whirlpool around Melissa, slipped out the door—a small, slim girl with an elfin face, pigtailed brown hair, and large brown eyes.

Melissa caught up with her at their adjoining lockers. "Alice Ann," she called.

Alice Ann pretended to be deeply absorbed putting books into her locker, and getting rubbers out. She couldn't turn just yet and face Melissa.

"Alice Ann!" Melissa's urgent voice repeated. "Listen—please!"

"What?" Alice Ann's voice came muffled from the interior of her locker.

"Well—I don't know what to say. I was so surprised. I never had the faintest idea that that poem you helped me with—"

"I didn't just *help* you," choked Alice Ann. "I wrote every single line, to help you get through literature—"

"Alice Ann, I tried to tell them, honestly, but I—I just couldn't. Not before everybody like that." Melissa's blue eyes swam. Her red mouth trembled.

Alice Ann looked at her friend searchingly. Had Melissa really started to tell them of the deception? She looked very appealing now. And after all, they were best friends, weren't they?

"I should think," said Melissa, "you'd be perfectly thrilled to know your poetry had won the laureateship. Because—" she paused just slightly—"I'm pretty sure it wasn't just the way I recited it in the contest."

"Alice Ann, honey." Melissa put her arms around her. "You've just got to outdo yourself on that commencement poem."

Melissa was so—so winsome. When she asked you to do something for her in that special way—well, you felt sort of privileged.

"Alice Ann—just think—to hear your poem read before that whole commencement audience. Maybe they'll even copy it for the papers."

Alice Ann couldn't remember saying yes and she couldn't remember saying no, but somehow Melissa was hugging her rapturously. "Get started on it right away, won't you, Alice Ann, darling?" Rewarding her with a quick final hug, Melissa murmured something about a date with Ted and flew off down the hall.

Alice Ann walked blindly around the corner—into a group of waiting girls. They closed around her like a net.

"Alice Ann! We've been waiting for you. Are you going to let her get away with it?" Claire Porter demanded indignantly.

Congratulations are due pretty teenager Virginia Welles for her delightful work in Columbia Pix's "Kiss and Tell", her initial film as a full-fledged star.

Alice Ann flushed. "I—I don't know what you mean—"

"Yes, you do!" cried Elaine Gray. "Melissa never wrote those poems. Why, last year she almost flunked English—"

"Just now," said Jean Schmidt, "she was begging you to help her with that commencement poem, wasn't she?"

"Why, I—I—" Alice Ann stammered, looking around helplessly. Their eyes seemed to be boring into her mercilessly from all sides.

"Alice Ann," said Claire firmly, "you can't go through with it."

Desperately, Alice Ann broke away from them. "I don't know what you're talking about!" she almost sobbed.

"Alice Ann—come back here!"

But she'd flung herself against the big front door, ran down the steps into the fresh rainy afternoon. She had to be alone, get home—fast.

Alice Ann wrote a poem that night, but it wasn't one suitable for commencement.

"But you'll hurry with it, won't you?" begged Melissa next morning, as they walked to school. "Commencement's just two weeks away, you know, and I'll want to have time to practice it before—"

"I'll try—" said Alice Ann, and gulped.

Claire Porter, Elaine Gray, Jean Schmidt and the rest were waiting for them on the front steps of school.

"Hail the poet laureate!" sang out Jean.

Melissa smiled rather defiantly.

Claire said, "Melissa, the principal wants to see you."

"Miss Haley?" Melissa wrinkled her brow. "Oh dear, I s'pose she wants to congratulate me, too—I never know what to *say*." With a weary, but gracious "celebrity look," Melissa disappeared.

Alice faced the others grimly. "What have you done? Why does Miss Haley want to see

(*Continued on page 58*)

# Jam Session ♪♪

**Pat's gabfests keep you right in tune with the boys of the baton . . .**

*By Pat Parks*

CARNEGIE HALL is still undoubtedly quaking from "morning after" shakes following Lionel Hampton's concert. Never has staid Carnegie looked so bewildered as it did the night of Lionel's musicale. Hand-clapping, rhythm-hopping Hampton really made Carnegie rock! There was jitterbugging in the "parquet" floor aisles, screaming and stomping in the grand tier, whistling in the "family circle."

Even the white haired ticket-taker, used to Menuhin and Mozart muttered, "Hi-de-hi-de-hi" as he tore the ducats in half.

Singer at work—gay Ruth Gaylor, who's with Hal McIntyre's band, making a record prior to her jaunt overseas to entertain G.I.'s . . .

This is popular Johnny Johnston, in one of his serious moments, with a music publisher discussing a new song for his radio show . . .

The music was usual Hampton fare . . . only more. Hamp's "Boogie Woogie" and "Flyin' Home" were the two standouts although Lionel created something of a stir directing the thirty-odd strings (imported for the occasion) with a vibraphone mallet. Me? I loved it!

The Benny Goodman sextet will continue to appear with Benny's new band. The group is separate from the full band and, for a while, it was doubtful that Slam Stewart, the phenomenal bassist; Teddy Wilson, pianist, and Red Norvo, vibraharpist, would stay with tootler Goodman. All three have told me that they *will* remain with Beegee.

Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey made a record in New York last month, a platter in which the two Dorsey bands joined together in a swing soiree which shook the studio rafters. Imagine, if you can, eleven saxophones, seventeen brass, eight rhythm, and Tommy and Jimmy as soloists! It's true . . . but you'll never get to hear the discs unless you join the army! The records were made by Army Special Services for the boys overseas, not for civilians.

(*Continued on page* 62)

(*Continued from page* 56)

Melissa?"

"How should we know?" shrugged Claire.

"Maybe she's heard rumors about the poet laureateship," suggested Elaine casually. "Could be."

On the way to Spanish, in mid-morning, Alice Ann caught up with Melissa breathlessly. "Is—is everything all right?"

Melissa's blue eyes flashed scorn. "If I ever find out who those talebearers were I'll—I'll—"

Alice Ann gripped Melissa fiercely. "Tell me what happened!"

Melissa drew her hand away. "Well, my goodness—don't get so excited. It's all blown over. Miss Haley thought I was very nice to—to forgive them the way I did."

"Forgive them?" quavered Alice Ann.

"For accusing me—and you." Melissa went on hastily. "I couldn't admit it, of course. Talebearers shouldn't get away with tattling. Besides, as long as it's all right between you and me, Alice Ann—whose business is it who writes the poems?"

Alice Ann shook her head mutely. "Nobody's—I guess."

Melissa looked at her sharply. "You wouldn't have wanted me to confess—would you? Jeepers, how would that have looked? Besides, you would have caught it, too, probably, Alice Ann, and I just couldn't bear to get you into a mess, considering what good friends we are and all."

The days went by. Alice Ann kept writing poems, long ones, short ones—but not one of them, somehow, was the one for commencement. She'd start it, but it would mysteriously develop into something entirely different. Once, she had it half done, but when she read it over, she saw it wasn't any good. Dry and stilted. The words died right there on the page, coffined in their own verses.

Three days before commencement, Melissa came over, sat tensely on the edge of Alice Ann's bed. Dark smudges under her eyes made them look violet instead of blue.

"Look, I practically can't sleep at all nights, just thinking about commencement. What if you should die or something before you get the poem done—"

"I'm sorry," said Alice Ann, "but when you're doing something so awfully important, you sort of get tied in knots, kind of—"

Melissa sort of went to pieces. "You're just doing this to—to punish me!" she sobbed. "It isn't easy for me to pretend to be a poet, all misty-souled and all. You don't—"

"Please, Melissa," begged Alice Ann. "I'm doing the best I can. Jeepers, it isn't easy for me, either. But I'll get that poem finished in time for commencement or die in the attempt."

Somehow, the harder she worked on that commencement poem, the worse it went. Like digging a ditch more than writing a poem. Word by word, line by line, she heaved it on to paper.

Commencement was scheduled for eight o'clock Thursday night. At seven, Alice Ann's 'phone rang frantically. It was Melissa.

"Alice Ann—that poem! Where is it? Miss Richmond is giving me what-for. I—I told her I gave it to you to type, that you were bringing it over!"

"I am," said Alice shakily. "Right now, Melissa—hold on."

As she hung up the receiver, the doorbell buzzed. Elaine Gray, stopping by for Alice Ann.

"Oh, hello," said Alice Ann vaguely, her mind still on that poem. "Wait'll I get my coat upstairs."

She fled upward, rushed down, looked about wildly. "Can't find my po— I mean, I had an envelope right here a minute ago and now I can't find—"

"This it?" asked Elaine casually. She picked up an envelope from the telephone stand where Alice Ann had left it.

"Yes!" Alice Ann reached for it, relieved. "Come on!"

Back stage at the auditorium, Melissa took the envelope like a drowning person reaching for a rope. Embracing Alice Ann, she stood back admiringly.

"Alice Ann, how lovely you look! You really do—oh, you should be up here instead of me. Alice Ann—pray for me."

It was when the curtain went up on the rows of serious graduates that Alice Ann heard Elaine say, with a triumphant secret grin, "I can hardly wait for Melissa's part." On the other side of her, Claire and Jean tittered with half-suppressed mirth.

Alice Anne felt faint inside, looking at their gleeful faces, suspecting the cause. That envelope! Elaine had been alone with it.

She turned to Elaine, accusation icy on her lips.

Elaine nodded. "Yes—I substituted a blank sheet of paper, Alice Ann. It was just simple justice, after all."

Alice Ann was voiceless. What a terrible thing to do to unsuspecting Melissa, whatever her fault in the matter!

"Here it comes!" exulted Jean, beside Elaine.

They were announcing the poet laureate. Melissa was walking from the wings, that fateful white envelope in her hand.

Slender and gracious in her soft blue dress, Melissa stood facing the packed auditorium. Alice Ann shook tears from her eyes, swallowed. Melissa had asked her to pray—well, she was. . . .

Melissa made no move to open the envelope in her hand. Instead, bowing calmly as the applause died away, she began to speak in an unsteady voice.

"Thank you. That applause belongs to someone else, the real poet laureate—a girl too modest to claim the authorship of her beautiful poetry."

There was a gasp—from Alice Ann's parted lips, from amazed Elaine beside her, from the entire audience. But Melissa went on bravely, telling the whole story briefly, not sparing herself, her voice strained but full of steadfast purpose. A beautiful speech.

"The real author, Alice Ann Brown," she ended, "is in the audience and I hope she'll come

(*Continued on page* 60)

# Miss America Speaks...

What are girls doing? Making? Talking about? You'll find the answers in this chatty corner . . . You too can join these discussions by merely sending us a letter with helpful hints. And, MISS AMERICA will send you $1.00 for every one published.

Mary Harvey
Cherry Valley, Ark.

Babs Braymer
Bradenton, Florida

Wanda Snyder from
Bowling Green, Ohio

Helen Shiel of
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Emma Lou Barnes
McMinnville, Tenn.

AND, so we meet again! You have been wonderful about sending in suggestions. Here are two that will replenish your supply of earrings.

Betty Barta, of Temple City, Calif., writes: **"I have a simply super way of making earrings. First, get two earring bases, then find some darling and different buttons and glue them on with cement glue. It's super and I even sold some for $1.00 for Christmas gifts."**

Bernice Gilbert, of Philadelphia, Pa., has a similar idea and it is tops too: **"Get some pennies (or other coins) and glue them on the clamps from old earrings. After about two minutes press firmly together and then let them set for a day, and presto! you have new earrings." Yes, and if you shine the coins first and give them a coat of clear nail polish they will look fine all the time.**

And we have two nifty notions for walnut shells for your lapel pins. The first is from Wanda Snyder, Bowling Green, Ohio:

**"One of my favorite ideas for lapel pins that I'd like to pass on to all the girls is making a turtle pin from half an English walnut shell, nail polish, raisins and a tiny piece of felt. Use the shell for the back, painting on it clever designs in your favorite shade of nail polish. For the head and legs glue on the raisins and for the tail a tiny piece of yarn. Then put some more glue around the edges of the shell and press on firmly a piece of felt cut to size. Put a small safety pin through the felt at the back and here you have your pin!"**

And here's the one from Rose Zappalla, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

**"Get a walnut shell and with pen and ink draw a face on it. Then get some wool and tie the ends into tiny braids. Glue the wool around the face for the hair and let the braids stick out. Across the top back glue on a string and you have a cute pin for your coat button or your lapel."**

Lois Post, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., sends in another lapel trick:

**"Get a small picture of your favorite movie star. Cut the head off and mount it on cardboard. Cover with a coat of colorless nail polish. Fasten a pin on the back with a piece of adhesive tape and you have a 'pin-on' picture of your favorite star to wear on suits or sweaters."**

And another cut-out idea comes from Bobbe Lieber, the Bronx, N. Y.:

**"Now that someone in everybody's family is in the Armed Forces, you probably get letters from all over the world. How about getting out your scissors and some cardboard and reinforce the postmarks from the envelopes. They make a snappy necklace." Yes, I can imagine them strung through a piece of ribbon!**

Here are some suggestions for your boudoirs: Dorothy Valentine, of Egan, South Dakota, writes:

**"If you need a jewel box for your dresser, get a sturdy cigar box and cover it with wall paper to match your room. Glue a mirror on the top. It could also be used for a make-up box."**

Marlene Lamm, Brooklyn, N. Y., likes to have her socks and stockings in good order and this is her suggestion:

**"Do you have trouble keeping your drawers neat because your socks are never in the right place? Take a large egg box and cover it with wall paper to match your room. You can use the separate compartments for each pair of socks."**

To dress up your room, Geraldine Trombly, Montpelier, Vermont, says: **"Take a dish cloth (or as many as**

(*Continued on page* 60)

## BORROWED WINGS

*From page 58*

up and recite her own poem for you."

Prolonged insistent applause. Hands urged Alice Ann to her feet, pushed her into the aisle. She found herself going up the platform steps, walking toward Melissa who came to meet her. Melissa was smiling valiantly, but her eyelashes glistened.

She thrust the envelope into Alice Ann's hand. "Go ahead, Alice, dear. You can."

And—wonder of wonders—Alice Ann suddenly wasn't afraid any more. Melissa had set her a never-to-be-forgotten example of courage. She couldn't let her down.

Taking the envelope she tore open the sealed flap—then remembered that inside was only a blank sheet of paper. For a moment she was frantic. She was caught in the trap her friends had set for Melissa!

No, she wasn't! She knew that poem by heart—all of it. Words and phrases came obediently, settled themselves as if printed there, upon that white page. Her words. Her poem. Smilingly, confidently, her eyes met those of Melissa. Melissa need never know. She reached for her friend's hand.

The audience had quieted now, waiting expectantly. Clear and sweet, Alice Ann's voice filled the hall. Line upon line fell in measured cadence into the quiet breathing, until the last was spoken.

When the applause broke this time, it was for both Alice Ann Brown, poet laureate—and Melissa Monterey. And for friendship victorious.

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## MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

*From page 59*

**you wish) and weave different colored yarns through the holes. You will find these look real cute."**

And for all of you who don't like the pebbles on the sand under your bare feet, Nancy Ariey, Bakersfield, Calif., sends in a very clever suggestion.

**"Get a piece of board about a quarter of an inch thick and on it draw the imprint of your feet. Cut out these shapes with a small saw or a large scissors, cover the part toward the soles of your feet with material cut to size, criss-cross with ribbon or material across the front and you have a lovely pair of beach sandals."**

And Opal Ledlie, of Earlham, Iowa, tells you how to insure against losing your boots and getting into trouble with your mother:

**"Here's an easy trick for identification of your boots. Take bright colored fingernail polish and print your name on front of both boots. You can also put the latest sayings around the rest of the boots. The fingernail polish dries in a little while and can be removed with polish remover."**

Helen Sheil, of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells us how to bring our old fashioned handbags up to date:

**"If you have an old envelope bag, you can convert it into a shoulder-strap bag by merely slipping a belt through the cover and wearing it diagonally across the shoulder."**

To get that errant blouse and skirt together Babs Braymer, Bradenton, Florida, writes:

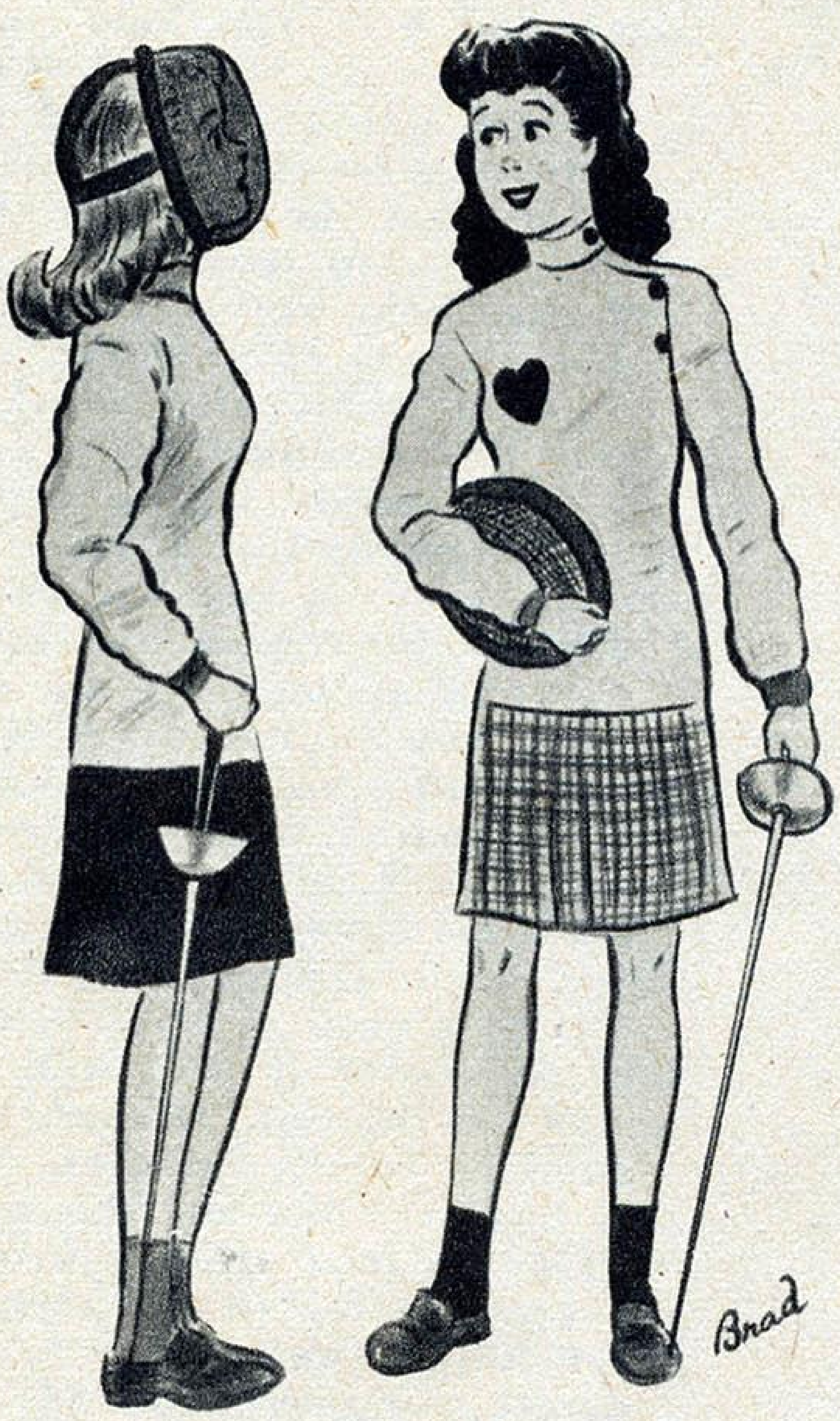
**"If any of you eager readers of MISS AMERICA have as much trouble keeping skirt and blouse together as I, you will be glad to hear this remedy. Try sewing a hook on underneath the belt of the skirt and an eye on either side of the blouse and attach the hook. It's as simple as that!"**

Marie King, Waterville, Maine, sends in this smart idea:

**"If your dresses are all worn out, don't throw them away. Sew up the bottom, turn down a bit at the waist line and run a string through and you have a handy laundry bag."** This is a very useful tip, Marie!

And Marie Herold, Jersey City, N. J., has given any number of us a fine suggestion by writing:

**"We often encounter a tiring problem: the shelling of peas. This difficulty may be overcome by a simple scientific process. To wit: Wash the pods thoroughly, then place them in a pot of warm or hot water. Let the water boil and when it has come to a boil the pods, of themselves, will burst open —the peas falling to the bottom and the shells remaining on the surface. Now, all you need do is scoop the pods off the top of the water. Thus, the peas are shelled in less time, and with less work, than it takes to play a record."**



I sewed the heart on the right side because I'm ticklish on my left!

And here's a cool, summer drink suggestion from Jeanne Gruetzner, Albany, N. Y.

**"Fill a glass half full with Coca-Cola or Pepsi-Cola and the other half with milk, stir well with a spoon and drink. It tastes just like an ice cream soda!"**

Rita Wokner, of Indianapolis, supplies the recipe for sandwiches to go with this refreshing drink:

**"A tasty sandwich spread is this: thinly sliced bananas with peanut butter, or when bananas are hard to get, spread the peanut butter with melted marshmallow. It's swoony!"**

And Billie Jean Fitch, Dardanelle, Arkansas, gives a most appetizing lunch-box suggestion:

**"Slice rings of carrots and put peanut butter in between and a tooth pick through the center. I hope you will find my recipe for your school-day lunch-box as delicious as I have found it."**

And another "Billie", Billie Bramlet, Erlanger, Kentucky, tells us how she has improved her school marks:

**"In my Home Ec. class we are studying 'Personality and Personal Appearance', and every day we have to read articles on these subjects. If it weren't for MISS AMERICA Magazine, I'm afraid I wouldn't get as good grades as I do."**

Mary Leslie Anno, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, writes a poem of thanks especially for MISS AMERICA magazine:

**Here I was just another girl
With a very dismal outlook.
I had no beau and very few friends
And then I read THIS BOOK.
My, how things did change for me!
My whole heart got much lighter,
And all my troubles are no more;
My outlook is much brighter.
I now have a beau and lots of fun
And it's all because of you.
So thanks again, MOST WONDERFUL BOOK,
You made my dreams come true!**

And now, girls, don't be bashful about those snapshots. Send them along with your suggestions and get them printed in *your* magazine.

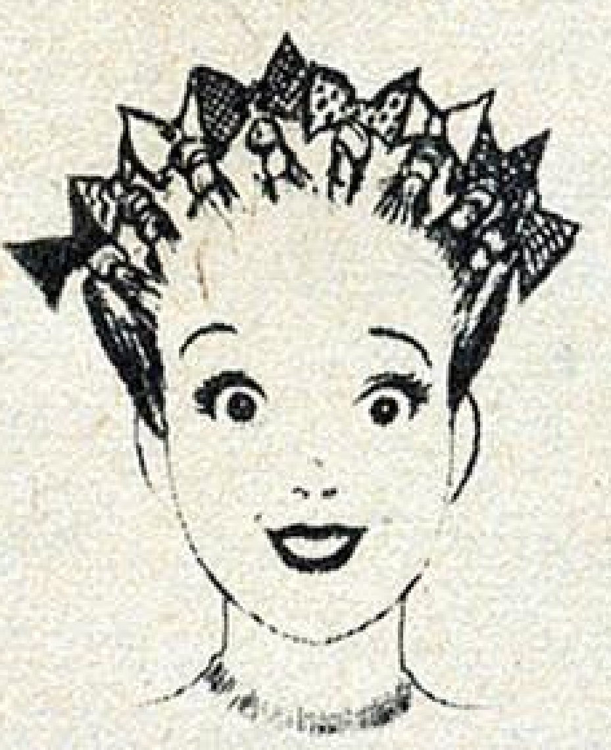
All problems can be ironed out—
so let's talk them over with Aunt Nina...

# For Girls Only

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

SO many girls write me about the troubles they have with their girl friends, that right here I want to say a few words about friendship. It is high time for a clear definition of just exactly what a "girl friend" is.

You can't *"make"* friends. Friendship has to grow slowly and naturally. It feeds on loyalty, sympathy and understanding. A true friend can be more closely related to you than one of your own family. But like all precious things, friendship is rare. On the other hand, it is possible to keep up acquaintanceships on a very pleasant basis for a lifetime by simply accepting the nice things about a girl, ignoring the rest, and never trying to force an artificial intimacy.



* * *

*THEREBY HANGS A PIGTAIL.* A hot weather easer-upper is the cute new hairdo which consists of a row of Topsy braids, very small and tight and made by pulling the hair straight back from the forehead—at least six or eight braids in a row from one ear to the other, each tied with a butterfly bow of ribbon. Result—a heavenly halo of fluttering color, plus coolness and neatness.

*WELCOME STRANGER!* Virginia S., I know it is always upsetting to move from the old home town to a strange place. But don't be worried about making new friends. Wear whatever is most becoming, be dainty and clean, and your own natural self, and you'll feel at home in your new home, without any trouble! Happy landing to you!

* * *

*PLAYING TAG.* Sally H. To be popular at dancing school, *dance well!* If you are tops in dancing and reasonably attractive, you ought to have no difficulty in getting partners. *But don't try to lead the boys.* Let them lead you. The secret of good dancing is to dance as your partner does. Good dancers don't need to talk.

* * *

*TEASER.* Marylyn M., don't pay any attention to the way your crowd criticizes you if you are sure they are wrong. I am afraid you tease easily, and the gang takes advantage of the fact. The best way to cure them is by not giving them the satisfaction of fighting them back.

* * *

*STEADY GIRLS.* Floy Lea K. So you are a dancer? Good luck to you! I think it will help you in gaining confidence if you practice before a long (*Continued on page* 62)

CAREER?
GOOD LOOKS?
INFERIORITY COMPLEX?
BEHAVIOR?
TROUBLED?
SCHOOL?
BOYS?
PARENTS?
PARTIES?
DATES?
SHY?

## JAM SESSION

From page 57

Bob Haymes has changed his name to Bob Stanton because he was forever being mistaken for brother Dick Haymes. Both are singers and both are picture stars.

Spike Jones and I were reminiscing about when we were in Long Beach Poly High School (California) together. Spike recalled the time he led the school band in a parade. At one point he turned to see his reflection in a store window . . . then discovered the band (unknown to him) had turned the corner three blocks before! And he was marching alone!

**Idol Chatter** . . . I've just had a ten-cent Coca-Cola and a million-dollar chat with Johnnie Johnston! You sticklers for accuracy can call him John Clifford Johnston . . . but I called him Johnnie, just like I'd known him all my life!

I can honestly report that I didn't swoon . . . but that I easily could have. He's six feet tall, chock full of blond personality, and has a smile that just isn't fair . . . it's too disarming.

Johnnie was reared in Kansas City, where he played basketball, boxed and was on the track team in high school. At seventeen, he hitch-hiked to Hollywood, earned enough money as a busboy in a restaurant to take him to Mexico City, and thumbed from there to Central America.

Once out of the country, he worked his way to Hawaii, Australia, China and Japan as a messboy and worked his way back as a bellboy, arriving in Los Angeles just in time for the earthquake of 1933. (And then we compared notes because I, too, enjoyed that earthquake at my home in Long Beach, twenty miles away!)

He soon took up ukulele and guitar and became a strolling singer, a job which six months later landed him in Art Kassel's "Kassels in the Air" orchestra. After working in several bands, he drifted into radio in Chicago where he remained for five years.

He began his present radio show in October of last year and is an exclusive Capitol recording artist besides!

**Platter Menu:** Count Basie whips up a froth on Columbia with a new record of "This Heart of Mine" and "That Old Feeling," both sides serving as a vehicle for the voice of Lynne Sherman.

Vivacious Georgia Gibbs gives out with two top tunes from the motion picture Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe" as she makes her debut on Victor. "In Acapulco," a Latin swing tune, is the jivier and better of the two tunes. Flipover is titled "The More I See You."

"There's No You" insists Frank Sinatra and we just swoon all over the place, our bobby socks tingling with excitement. "Dream," the Johnny Mercer ballad, is the four star Sinatra coupling. Axel Stordahl batons the band and the Ken Lane singers join Frankie on the latter side.

I'm still trying to decide whether I prefer the Woody Herman, Louis Prima, Louis Jordan, or Erskine Hawkins version of "Caldonia." I'm strictly sold on "I Hope To Die," the flipover tune on the Hawkins version (with Carol Tucker's terrif vocal) . . . and I like Woody's "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe" plattermate. "The "Caldonia" discs are Columbia, Majestic, Decca and Victor, respectively.

"Laura" and "A Song To Remember" are two motion picture title songs well worth adding to your disc collection. Freddy Martin has coupled them for Victor.

My favorite folk singer, Burl Ives, has recorded "Rodger Young" and "Foggy, Foggy Dew" for Decca. He's also done an album of things from the swellegant Broadway show, "Sing Out, Sweet Land."

And Capitol's "If You Can't Smile and Say Yes" featuring the King Cole Trio with Nat "King" Cole singing, ought to be in your collection.

Don't miss "The More I See You" and "I Wish I Knew" with Dick Haymes chanting on a Decca disc. . . . "Bell Bottom Trousers" by Tony Pastor is a click on Victor. . . . Harry James version of "Yah-Ta-Ta" is a honey.

## FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 61

mirror. For those shaky hips of yours, take special muscle strengthening exercises.

* * *

*TEACHER, PLEASE!* Cathleen S., if the boys only come to your house to get you to help them with their homework, something must be wrong. Girls who are smart scholars are often show-offs. Are you sure you are not one? Try flattering the boys about the things *they* do well—be feminine and charming. Never rub it in about the help you give them with their lessons.

*TRUE ROYALTY.* Angela W. It's wonderful that you were elected "queen" of the school prom, and a great pity that your friends are jealous. So why not go out of your way to be especially nice to these girls, not patronizingly, but honestly, to prove that being "queen" has not gone to your head? Speak of it in club meetings if necessary. And tell them that you are hurt by their treatment.

* * *

*GOOD SAMARITAN.* Congratulations, Betty A., for wanting to be a nurse's aid. They are badly needed. Go to the nearest hospital and tell the receptionist what you want to do and she will assist you in every way.

* * *

*HAVE PATIENCE SECTION.* Karen W., you are still too young to think of your childhood friend as a real sweetheart. But he is overseas. Hold your serious thoughts until the war is over. Then you will be old enough and he will be better able to judge what you mean to each other. Meanwhile keep writing to him, but don't let your letters get too sentimental.

*NO NONSENSE ADVISED.* J. D. Sweet, when a boy is rude to his girl friend in front of their mutual acquaintances it is time to do one of two things; make him behave or refuse to see him. However, if his rudeness is the result of shyness, you must forgive and try to help him.

* * *

*AUNT NINA'S PARTY RECIPE.* Coca-cooler. Dissolve two packs of strawberry gelatine as directed on package, and pour into a ring-mold. When firm turn out on a dish, fill center with lemon sherbet. Empty half a bottle of Coca-Cola into each tumbler needed, fill remainder of glass with lemon sherbet and decorate with fresh mint leaves. Serve with icebox cookies, this makes a gorgeous "dessert party."

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## FIRST DATE

From page 23

be standing at the foot, looking up, and I would come floating down to him wearing either my new plaid or my best blue—

"Joan," my mother said gently, "the dining room is on your left, dear—just where it's always been, remember?"

We had breaded veal and new peas, with chocolate pudding—my favorites—but I couldn't seem to eat much. With my first mouthful I'd gulped down a sudden awful premonition. When I let Scotty have two-thirds of my dessert, my father asked if I was feeling all right. I said I was. But I felt queer inside, empty and dark.

Maybe—maybe Bob wouldn't come! Maybe he'd just been kidding about tonight!

My mind staggered back to this afternoon when he'd asked me. We'd been standing at the drinking fountain before algebra class, worrying about the test—when out of clear sky Bob mentioned the picture that was on at the "Avon." Before I thought—I mean, I really wasn't hinting because I never *dreamed*—I said I certainly yearned to see that, and he'd said, fast, "How about tonight?"

I said okay sort of breathlessly, and then the bell rang and we had to go in, and I couldn't seem to concentrate on figures. But what I mean is, it had all happened so fast that now I wasn't sure. After class, Bob had just waved and said, "Be seeing you, chick," and I got to thinking maybe he'd just meant tomorrow in algebra. What if he had—what if—oh, jeepers! I got all hot thinking about it. Here I'd gone and mentioned it sort of offhand to some of the gang and everything. And now maybe I'd wait . . . and wait . . . and WAIT . . . yes, that was probably what I would do, all right. Just wait.

After dishes I fled up to my room, shut and locked the door to keep Scotty from snooping around, and sank weakly upon my bed. My nerves were absolutely shattered. I was certain Bob Wells wouldn't come—had probably never intended to.

I reviewed my tragic case bleakly. It was all a horrible mistake. I'd simply misunderstood. This afternoon when Bob had delivered the paper, I remembered with a tobogganing heart, he hadn't even looked back, let alone rung the bell and set the time he'd come for me. It was miserably clear to me now. He'd just been splashing the old applesauce.

Oh, I'd been easy—so gullible, so quick to accept where an invitation hadn't even been meant. I buried my face in my hands. My life was ruined. I had no future, only a humiliating past. I could never face the jeering world again. . . .

Then, slowly, like an old, old woman, I rallied. I remembered that a Grahame is never licked. I thought of a way to partly save my face. I would just pretend I hadn't thought it was a date, either. I'd get ready and go to the show by myself, mention tomorrow how good it was. Then nobody would have a chance to laugh at me.

No use dressing up, though. My old red jumper would be plenty good enough for a date with myself. Dressed, I slapped a beanie onto my slick-brushed hair, pulled on my red jacket. I was digging into my drawer for money when the doorbell rang downstairs.

Jeepers! I simply froze. It seemed a million years before anyone went to the door. I heard Dad inviting someone in. Then he called upstairs.

"Joan! Someone's down here asking for you."

I gulped. I swallowed. I mean, my answer got sort of jammed in my throat. Someone. Who? It couldn't be—no, of course not. Maybe Mary Jane or Ruthie, one of the girls.

At the top of the landing, I looked down and there — there was Bob Wells. Uh, huh. In the flesh. He was looking up, waiting for me, hat in hand.

I think it was the hat that did it. I'd never seen him with a hat before. Anyway, something happened to my legs. I didn't float down the way I'd practiced. I slipped—and tumbled. Fell, absolutely all the way!

My family came running at the bumping noises. Mom, Dad and Scotty. Dad picked me up as if I were a child.

"Well, well," he said with hearty humor, "I guess my daughter's fallen for you, all right, young man!"

I managed to laugh, and so did Bob. It was awful to have him laugh at me. Scotty kept circling around Bob, making weird faces, and I was so embarrassed I practically pushed Bob out the door to get away.

I limped down the walk beside Bob, who had his hat on now, which made him look awfully grown up and remote.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself," he said politely.

"Oh, no," I said, "I always come downstairs that way—saves time, you know." I ached all over, physically and mentally. I could imagine what Bob must think of me now.

"Most girls would have cried instead of making a joke of it," he said, sort of admiringly.

Well, my goodness! I gasped.

"This ought to be a good picture." Bob went on, "I hope you'll like it."

"I'm sure I will," I breathed.

You like any picture, any place you go—any boy you go with—on your first date. Nothing can spoil it—nothing.

# SO YOU WANT TO BE A MODEL?

From page 21

your complexion? If it's peaches and cream, see that you keep it that way. If your skin's oily, wash it vigorously four or five times a day—with a wash cloth, of course. If it's on the dry side, rub (gently) a generous amount of cold cream on your face, elbows and knees every night before you hit the sleep stand.

Then, of course, there's your hair. If it's clean and lustrous, fine. If not, start giving it the hundred-strokes routine. Next, be sure it's combed or set so as to bring out your best features. Better still, learn to do it yourself. A good model can shampoo and set her own hair in a pinch and do it well.

The eyes are important but more often than not, they're no bother. Keep healthy and they'll sparkle. If you want them to stand out, you can give them a daily work-out every now and then. Stand in front of a mirror and, without wrinkling your brow or moving your mouth, try to look surprised. Next, sad. Then, happy. Finally, pained. Practice these expressions. They'll keep your eye-muscles exercised and they'll pay big charm-dividends.

Teeth, I've pointed out, are a beauty *must*. No models I know have dingy pearlies. Unfortunately, there's nothing I can tell you about teeth that you haven't known since you were six. Just keep 'em well polished, and see your dentist twice a year. He'll best be able to advise you about them.

Poise is defined as "the state of being balanced." It's knowing how to walk well (shoulders back, spine straight, chin up, etc.), sit gracefully, stand confidently and comfortably, and meet people graciously. The well-poised model isn't a jitterbug or a chatterbox. She's easy on people's nerves as well as their eyes.

How does one go about acquiring poise? Simple. Practice makes perfect, is all I can tell you. Become conscious of yourself, your movements, actions, gestures, mannerisms, and conversation until the right ones come naturally. The right ones can be defined as those that do the most for you.

Next, I give you intelligence! (Ah, if I only could! It would serve you well long after you quit being a model.) I don't mean to imply that in order to be a good model you ought to be able to quote Shakespeare or do a cube root in your head. I do mean that you ought to be able to size up people and situations at a glance, know when to offer suggestions and when to keep as still as a mouse, and have an instinct of what is wanted of you. Photographers, designers, fashion-show stylists, artists, all the people who employ models have a lot on their minds. A good model tries not to add to their problems.

What makes up personality? Why, nothing more than a sense of humor, warmth, courtesy, graciousness, and tolerance. The basis of personality, if anything, is the recognition that there are others in the world besides yourself. The reward of personality is the esteem of your employer and the affection of your friends. Don't confuse having a good personality with being the life of the party, the tireless quipster, the tiresome gossip, and the objectionable glad-hander and back-slapper. Having personality means being **YOU**. Not just any **YOU** but **THE BEST YOU** there is.

Diplomacy is worth its weight in gold in any field, but in modeling its worth is priceless. Diplomacy, in a word, is the art of living and working with a minimum of friction and a maximum of efficiency. A good model is always pleasant and agreeable. She never talks back, never flares up no matter how trying the circumstances, is master of any situation. Above all, she is concerned not so much with getting the job done but getting the job done well. In the long run it keeps down her wrinkles and keeps up her bank balance.

Now that you know what makes a model, suppose we take a look at what a model makes. Some models (mostly cover girls) do earn $25 an hour, but on the other hand some models (mostly mannequins for wholesale dress houses) earn as little as $25 a week to start. A good model averages $10 an hour for the hours she works. It goes without saying that she almost never puts in a 40-hour week.

Photographic modeling is the nearest to working in motion pictures and pays the best money. A busy model dashes about town to three or four photographic studios a day posing for a face powder ad at nine, say, and a stomach relief ad at 11:00.

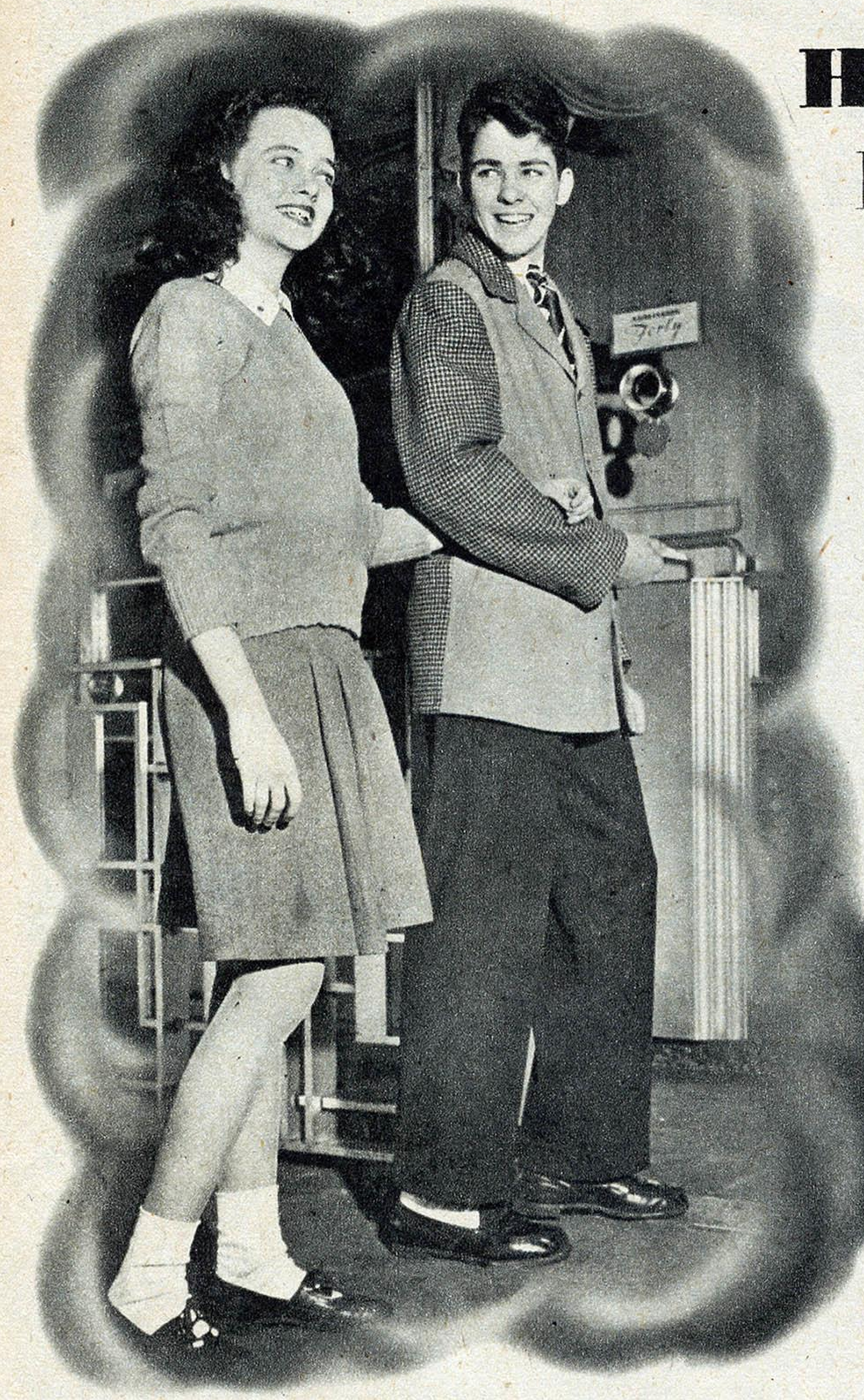
Fashion photography, obviously, is pictures of the latest fashions. Unusual or interesting features distinguish some models as the fashion type. Study the fashion magazines to see if you'd look well there.

Wholesale modeling means modeling dresses, suits, coats and sportswear in the garment district of New York. In wholesale modeling, short and medium height girls get the breaks. They model junior miss and sport clothes. Tall girls are still most popular for dinner gowns and street clothes.

Retail modeling is the easiest division for the inexperienced model to enter. The pay in retail stores is usually small, but the experience is vast. Most of the big department stores in the major cities throughout the country employ models. Inexperienced ones are sometimes used in fashion shows held for the benefit of the press. You might check on the stores in the cities near you and calculate your chances of getting some experience there before hitting the big-time in New York.

Well, there you have the field. You know what makes a model, what a model makes and where she makes it. Still want to be a model?

**More pages, more reading matter, more fashions—more of everything, really—from now on in MISS AMERICA. September issue is just chockful of going back to school data: things to wear, where to buy 'em, etc. Golly, don't miss next month's MISS AMERICA . . .**



# How Many Times Have You Lost Your Chance For Dates

*because pimples, blackheads, acne or eczema, externally caused, spoil your looks?*

No fun being passed up *all* the time. Maybe you wouldn't if you'd take this pimple, blackhead and blemish problem seriously. Hundreds and thousands of lucky boys and girls have already proved what *you* ought to do . . . let the sensationally successful KLEEREX be your "fairy queen with the magic wand" that gives you the nice looking complexion you want.

KLEEREX is so astounding in its results . . . so quick . . . in clearing up external evidence of pimples, blackheads, acne and eczema rash that you'll be amazed. Often overnight you can see a clearer, softer, smoother complexion as it should be naturally. . . . See yourself more like you want to look. The proof is so overwhelming that the makers offer you *double your money back* if you are not 100% satisfied.

KLEEREX is no smelly ointment; no greasy salve. You brush it over the blemishes. It hides them as it dries them. *More than a million bottles have already been sold*—That's *amazing*. How could anyone bothered with fun-spoiling blemishes put up with them another day after hearing *that?* Don't delay. Mail the coupon right now for special introductory offer of 2 bottles.

**KLEEREX CO., Dept.138-KK2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.**

## Send No Money—MAIL COUPON

Upon arrival of package, pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. (Cash orders, sent postpaid.) Remember! If you are not thrilled with the different appearance of your skin, return package and get DOUBLE your money back. Mail coupon NOW.

**RUSH THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON TODAY SURE!**

KLEEREX Co., Dept 138-KK
2005 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.

I want to test KLEEREX to help clear up pimples, acne itch (externally caused). I'll pay postman $1.00 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival with understanding that I may return package for DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK if not satisfied. ($1.00 enclosed with coupon and you pay postage.)

*Name* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

*Address* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

*City* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Zone* . . . *State* . . . . . . . .

## YOUNGER SET

*From page 4*

Dennis Morgan turned sleuth and went on a questioning spree for MISS AMERICA, to find out just what we gals do, "as we shouldn't." And here's what Van Johnson, Errol Flynn, Dane Clark, Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Hutton and Gary Cooper say hits them right in the middle of their irritability: Such nauseating little pastimes as chewing fingernails, eating peanuts at the drama, shoulder snow (dandruff), hoarding gum under the lunch counter, picking teeth at the table, mopping up lipstick on hostesses' linen napkins, affecting an accent, loudness and conceit!

* * *

Dane Clark, who plays the heroic flier in "God Is My Co-Pilot," was almost lost to "we women", for he studied law, and was about set to become a lawyer when he played a season of professional baseball. Then he went into the prize ring as a fighter, and thank goodness, became sensible about the whole thing and became an actor! For his two years of service at the Hollywood Canteen's soft drink bar, the Bartenders' Association has conferred an honorary membership upon Dane. He's a whiz at lime cokes!

* * *

Martha Vickers, making "The Time, The Place and The Girl", received a memo from her bosses, the Brothers Warner, which said that the dainty lady could no longer engage in playing football. Martha tore a ligament in her right ankle during a practice game with her young brother Jimmy and his pals and rehearsals on her dance number for the movie came to a temporary and costly-to-the-studio halt!

* * *

Jennifer Jones has everyone in Hollywood trying her new exercise trick that works wonders. You stand in ballet position No. 5 for five minutes each day (toe touching heel), and in comes your tummy, and up goes your head. Try it and see!

And that's Hollywood!

AN ORIGINAL "Sally Mason" CREATION

For Back to School

—so young and fresh—so pretty and gay—designed the SALLY MASON way. You'll love them all.

At all Leading Stores Everywhere . . . or write

Sally Mason INC.

498 SEVENTH AVE. • NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

Your Choice for Quality . . . Today and Tomorrow . . .
Sally Mason Blouses and Playsuits

## CHATTERBOX

*From page 50*

plenty of hard work. Now that remodeled jail, with its window and cell bars contributed to the scrap campaign, serves as a simply super headquarters. And think of all the fun the members can have with this exit line, "Well, so long, folks, think I'll amble on down to the hoosegow to meet the gang."

* * *

Are you itching to give your room a fall "pick-me-up" that will definitely send your crowd? And does your family clamp the lid on your lovely idea with the pronouncement that this is still no time to buy furniture or make sweeping changes? OK, here's how to perk up the old parking space so that it hardly knows itself. The trick is done—not with mirrors—but with gingham. That's right, gingham! Just splash the bright-checked stuff around the room. A gingham valence and drapes for the tired window. Gingham slip-covers for the beat-up cushions. A swishy gingham skirt on the dressing table—or drape that plain-jane table with gathered gingham to make like an honest-to-goodness dressing table. Of course, you're using the same pattern gingham throughout. And for a final touch, cover the frames of your favorite pin-up boy pictures with gingham ruffles. Then sit back and watch Mother "borrow" the idea of her room.

* * *

Gadget idea of the month: Search your kitchen or pantry for one of those mesh string bags that oranges come in. When classes start, sling your school books over your shoulder in the gay peekaboo sack. You'll have the entire school doing it within a week.

* * *

And don't forget to send me news of your club and canteen activities and different items of interest to other Teen-timers around the country. See you next month.

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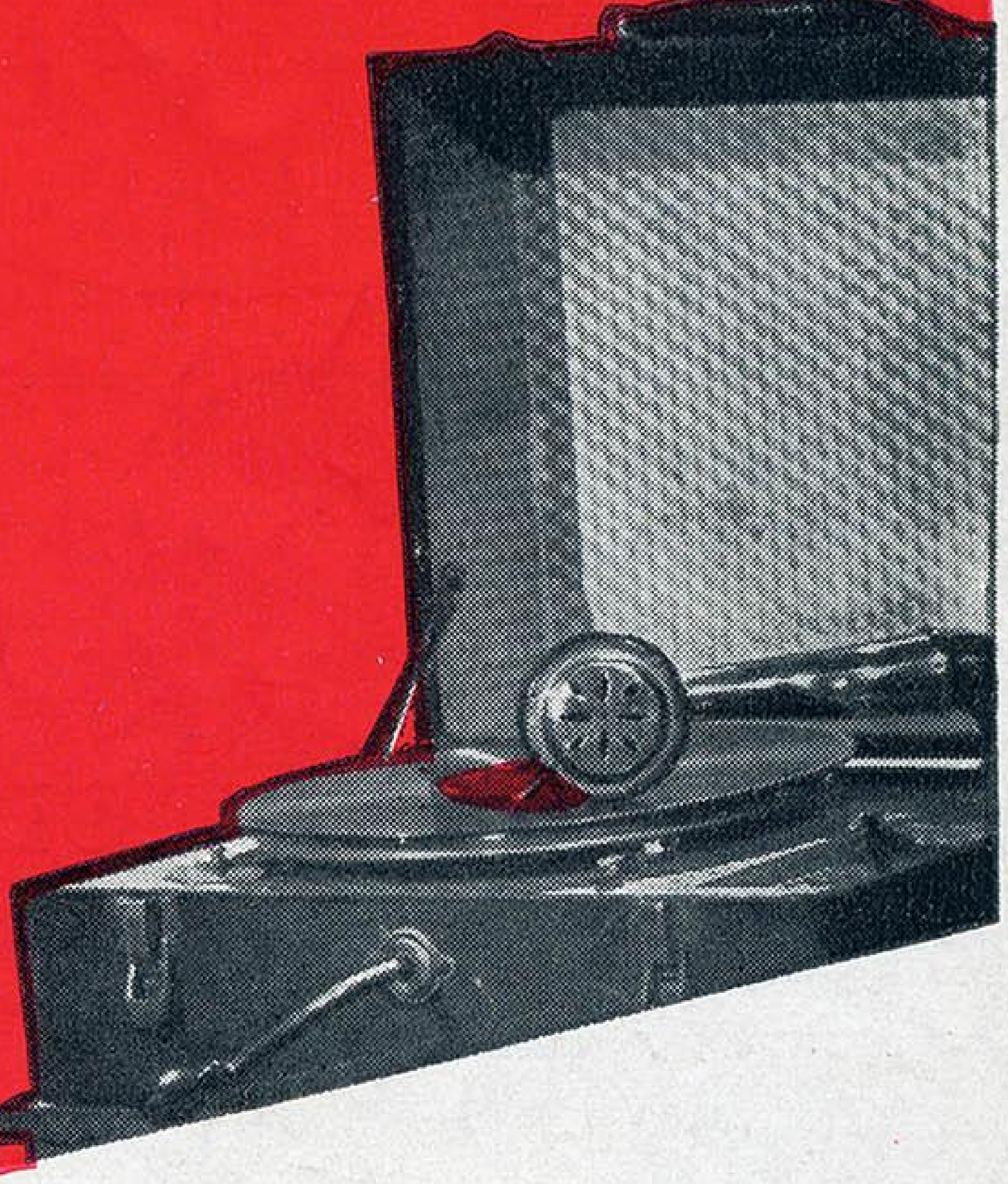
*Teen-timer's vivacious chatterbox has heaps of timely tips in store for you. So don't miss her next month!*

For Swing it's Harry James
For Pin-up—Betty Grable
For Swooning it's Sinatra
For Style it's the Joan Lord label



**mad about plaid**

**Joan Lord**

**SKIRT**

...it's a 100% wool and a 100% favorite now and for the school schedules ahead—gayly graceful in colorful plaids . . . pleated all around. The dainty blouse in multi-filament crepe contrasts charmingly.

**IN ALL TEEN SIZES**

**Joan Lord**
**FASHIONS**

**AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE**

SUNSET PINK

# On Lips that Capture Compliments

SUNSET PINK

*— newest fashion-right shade of*

**Stadium Girl**

**LIPSTICK**

An exciting bit of pampering for your lips. A soft, warm glow — one of six of the season's most discriminating shades available in Stadium Girl Lipstick. . . . Stadium Girl — long a thrifty favorite of many popular, beauty-wise girls—now has a smoother-than-ever texture. New, attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. . . . Let Sunset Pink provide a smart, enviably fresh keynote for your entire make-up. Ask for it in Stadium Girl Lipstick at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax).

**New, beautiful**

**Stadium Girl**

**COMPACT**

A swank compact of sleek design in colorful, durable plastic. Positive clasp makes it guaranteed leak-proof. Large, deluxe size — over four inches in diameter. Enjoy the pride of owning a graceful Stadium Girl Compact. Ask for it at any leading ten cent store. Your choice of colors — red, blue, or aqua. Two convenient sizes.

*Six becoming shades:*

**Cherry Red** **Sunset Pink** **Orchid**

**Tropic** **Ruby** **Burgundy**

*Leading 10 cent stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.*

• • •

If your nearby ten cent store can't supply you with a Stadium Girl Lipstick and Stadium Girl Compact, order them direct from us, using the coupon at right. This entitles you to our special combination mail offer of a deluxe Stadium Girl Compact and large 25¢ size Stadium Girl Lipstick both for only one dollar (tax and postage included) — with the compact personalized with your own monogram (3 initials) or first name on the cover in gold! Take advantage of this offer. Fill out the coupon at right and mail it with your dollar today!

*Tear out coupon and mail today!*

**CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 385**
**411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin**

I am enclosing $1.00 (In Canada $1.10) which includes tax and postage as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated the colors at the right. The letters that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below:

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial ☐ or First name (PRINT)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________(____) State_________

*My choice of color for my compact is:*

☐ Red
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

★

*My choice of lipstick shade is:*

☐ Cherry Red (medium light)
☐ Sunset Pink (medium)
☐ Orchid
☐ Tropic (medium dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dark)